The

No. 334 (New Series), Vol. 7. August 13, 1938

TWOPENCE

PASSING SHOW

The FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

by Eric KNIGHT

Author of "Never Come Monday"

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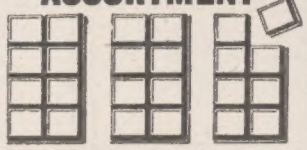

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 334 (New Series) Vol. 7. AUGUST 13, 1938

Sam got ready. He lay on the sofa and willed and willed and, almost before he could catch his breath, there he was floating in air with the greatest of ease

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

Even his bitterest enemy would not say that Sam Small, whose venerable relative had words with Wellington at Waterloo over a fallen musket, was a high flier, but this story, to be told in three parts, shows he was quite as good as any daring young man performing on the flying trapeze

BY ERIC KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

THE conviction that he could fly didn't come over Sam Small gradually. It just hit him all of a sudden.

That night he and Mully had been down to Los Angeles to hear Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith at the Temple. First off Sam hadn't wanted to go, but before it was over even he agreed that it was quite a bit of a do, and Mully had as rare a time as she'd had in all her born days.

Sister Minnie sang a hymn she had written herself, which started :

Won't you buy my violetsss—m'dam ?

When that was over she had all the people who were from California stand up and turn round and shake hands with the people who were sitting and who weren't from California, and say : "God Bless you, Brother or Sister," as the case was.

Sam felt right funny, what with a stranger pumping his hand, but Mully began to warm up to the whole thing; so that when Sister Minnie asked the people from foreign lands to get up and say where they were from, Mully kept nudging Sam to stand on his legs like a man and put their ha'porth in. But Sam wasn't having any. People got up and shouted that they were from Germany and Italy and China and Hawaii and Mexico and Canada. There was even one chap from India.

Finally, Mully couldn't stand it any longer, so she tied her bonnet tight under her chin and got up and shouted at the top of her lungs :

"Mr. and Mrs. Sammywell Small, Powki'thorpe Brig, near Huddersfield, Yorksha', England."

Then she sat down with her face all flushed, while everybody applauded and the woman next to her, who was from the city of Ioway, struck up acquaintance with her, and Mully decided that California was the right nicest and friendliest place they'd struck since they'd started on that trip around the world.

Sam tried to make out as if he didn't think much of it all, but even he got interested when Sister Minnie tore into her sermon.

It was entitled : "Faith Will Move Mountains," and a rare champion thing it was, too, all full of quotations and rhetoric and little halts to give the people chances to applaud, and big halts where everyone sang the chorus of a hymn and clapped their hands to keep time. During these long pauses Sister Minnie would work up another store of energy and come out for the next round fresh as a daisy.

Everything depended on Faith, she said, and for her part she believed in it so much that she just *knew* that if the 5,000 or so Brothers and Sisters present to-night, Praise be to God, were to head right out of that Blessed Temple and drive down to

(*please turn over*)

San Bernardino, she would bet you right now that if they would have faith, together they could make Mount Baldy shift ten feet toward the sea. The only thing that stopped her from putting it all into execution, she said, was that her legal advisers had told her it would cause too many possible suits for damages; because naturally, if you moved a mountain ten feet there was going to be a lot of disturbance.

There'd be a ten-foot gap on one side, like as not running down through a lot of good real estate developments and, on the other side, there'd be a churning and a whortling of the earth that wouldn't be too good for California. People with spiteful tongues were ready enough to talk about earthquakes, anyhow, even when you could call up the Chamber of Commerce and find out it was never a thing at all but the Battle Fleet off San Diego in firing practise that was making the ornaments on the mantelpiece sound like Fred Astaire in the introduction part of the Packard hour on the radio.

But nevertheless, as she was saying, faith was a very, very wonderful thing, in fact, a marvellous thing, and if the Sisters and Brothers believed in the power of faith there was nothing they couldn't do. Nothing!

That was the sermon on Faith, and everybody applauded and clapped their hands in rhythm, being not only pleased with Sister Minnie's faith, but her evident faith in their faith, and her clever explanation of why they were not going to have to drive ninety miles on a chilly evening to do anything about demonstrating it.

That was about the end of the do. They closed up with some more hymns, one half the audience singing and then the other half, to see which could be louder; then the women singing and after them the men all by themselves, to see who could be loudest. And then it was over and everybody streaked for the doors.

Mully had had a good time; there were no two ways about that. When she and Sam had pushed out through the crowd, and were standing on the corner, waiting for the Wilshire Boulevard bus, she got enough words together to say:

"Well, Ah don't know how tha feels about it, Sammywell, but Ah've had a rare good time, and Ah think this is the right nicest place us has struck in all our travels."

Sam didn't doubt that she'd enjoyed it, but he knew, too, her remark was all part of the campaign to keep him in California. Neither Mully nor Lavinia, their daughter, ever missed a good chance to put in a good word about southern California. Vinnie wanted to stay so's she could have a bit of a dab at becoming one of these cinema stars and Mully wanted to stay partly because of Vinnie and partly because she could never get over it that palm trees really grew in a white man's land. On top of that, there was no doubt about it that Sam had given the women quite a turn with the bad attack of bronchitis he'd had when they were visiting Vancouver.

So, of course, they never missed any opportunity now to keep after Sam about how good California was for his chest and how that since he now was retired and a chap of independent means, as you might say, there was no use leaving this sunshine to go dashing right back to England.

Now Sam knew all about the way the women were working on him and he knew why they were doing it. He knew, too, that it wasn't over sensible to battle with them because probably they'd wear him down in the end. But still and all, a chap can't help putting his ha'porth in, once in a while. So he blew his nose and said:

"Aye, taking the rough with the smooth, this ain't a bad place—for Yankeeland, o'course. But still and all, Ah'd give ten quid, Ah would, reight now, to be sitting back hoam i't' *Spread Eagle* wi' ma chums on either side o' me and a good pint o' beer in front o' me and a nice gert big coal fire to warm ma behind on."

Mully snorted.

"Sammywell," she said. "Didn't Ah tell thee to put a clean henkercha' in thy pocket afore tha coomed out to-neight?"

Sam knew he was licked if he got drawn away from the subject into any minor skirmishes. Everyone's cock on their own midden tip, and he wasn't off to argue about handkerchiefs, where Mully was on her own ground. So he just jammed his shameful bandanna into his pants pocket and kept quiet Mully kept on giving him a little bit of hell—the way a woman will; and finally Sam stopped listening to her—the way a man will.

And while she barneyed on, his mind went floating away in a hazy sort of a manner and settled on two things. First, he began wishing the bus would hurry up and come so Mully would stop talking; second, he got to thinking about Sister Minnie's sermon. He began wondering if there was anything to it all—this Faith business. He began wondering if a whole bunch of people, all having Faith together with a sort of yo-heave-oh effect, really could move a mountain—if only for a matter of an inch or two.

He thought about it a long time and decided that if a chap was going to do anything with Faith, he'd be smart if he picked on something rather easy at first and progressed gently to stubborn things like mountains.

"Well, Ah'll goa to Helifax," Mully snorted. "Sammywell Small! What in the name o' goodness is ta laiking up theer for? Coom dahn here afore tha breaks thy neck!"

Now all the time Sam had been thinking that, he'd been standing there waiting for the bus—and it gets rare chilly in California when the sun goes down. And that was what put the bus idea in his head. He said to himself that if a chap decided to try moving things by Faith, a bus would be a champion thing to begin on—it having wheels which, as you might say, would aid the whole proposition.

It was no sooner thought than done, because, as Sam said to himself, it doesn't cost a chap a ha'penny to have Faith. Even if it doesn't work out, what have you lost?

So Sam shut his eyes and said to himself: "Ah have Faith that by t'time Ah open ma ee's that so-and-so bus will have arrived."

And, by gum, he had no sooner said it than Mully was poking him in the short ribs and saying:

"Wakken up, gormless!"

And he opened his eyes, and there was the bus standing there.

Now, naturally, Sam was both surprised and pleased. As he said to himself, it might have been just a bit of coincidence, but still and all, it fair gave a chap something to think about. The best thing to do about it, he decided, was to give it a good thinking over. So when he got himself settled nicely on the bus he started putting his mind to thinking about Faith, and kept at it all the way home, being only interrupted once as the bus went past the Beverly-Wilshire and Mully said she saw Nelson Eddy coming out of the *Brown Derby*.

After that Sam got back to his thinking and kept right at it until they got to the end of the line. Then he and Mully got off right by the statue of Santa Monica on the Beach Drive palisade, and walked slowly and wearily along the palisade toward their boarding house.

They were both quite a bit played out after their exciting evening, and they went along slowly, arm in arm. Mully always liked that good-night walk along the alameda because it was peaceful and romantic and so tropical. Bordering the gravel walks there are no less than *three* kinds of palms: date palms, royal palms, and palmettoes. Then, too, it's on a cliff high up over the shore, and as you walk along you can look out over the rustic wood railing and see far out to the ocean, or you can look straight down on the shore and see all the beach castles of the movie stars. They are all very splendid and big, but the biggest and most splendid one belongs to Marion Davies. It is such a sight that the tourist buses always stop by that palisade and all the sightseers get out and have a five-minute stop to look down on the very home that Marion Davies lives in sometimes.

Mully never tired of looking down from that palisade. She never liked to go to bed without a sort of good-night look at it; because she always thought that some night she might see a light in an upstairs window, and that would be Marion Davies going to bed, perhaps.

So when Sam and Mully got up by Marion Davies's house, they stopped and looked over the rail. There was Mully, filled with the awe of standing underneath a real palm tree and looking at a real cinema star's palace, and never aware of what Sam was thinking. For Sam, now he'd stopped walking, was able to think again. He had his pipe going good, and there he stood, looking far out over the ocean to where the fifty-cent all night fishing barge lay, lit up and festooned with lights so that it looked like a twinkling diamond brooch of a ship.

And it was there and at that moment, that he first got his amazing conviction. Perhaps it came from being so high up, together with the sermon and the upsetting episode of the bus coming by Faith. No matter what it was, he got the conviction as surely as ever a man had one. What he felt was that he could fly. That was the conviction he had. He had it so strongly that he couldn't keep quiet about it.

"Mully," he said. "Tha knaws, sometimes Ah hev a feeling that a chap could put out his arms and launch himself off of here and fly—if he nobbut hed Faith."

"Aye. If!" Mully retorted.

In spite of her determination to live up to the position of wife of a rich, retired man, Mully could be quite Yorkshire at times. And her last remark wasn't calculated to help a chap who wanted to talk things over. Not things like Faith and really moving mountains.

It really made Sam a bit mawngy. But there's one thing about a Yorkshireman. The madder you make him, the more determined he gets. And as Sam got undressed that night he couldn't help feeling stubborn.

"Well, at that," he said to himself, "Ah'll bet a chap *could* do it—if he hed Faith enow."

He kept thinking that, after he got into bed. He felt he'd like to fly, just to show Mully that she wasn't right all the time. And as he lay there, he had Faith, and had Faith, and then his hair almost stood on end. For he could feel his body lifting, and lifting, until it was completely clear of the bed beneath him.

It was so amazing that he could hardly believe it, himself. So, cautiously, he passed his hand under his body. It was true! As far as he could reach, he was free of the bed. It was so staggering that he had to drop back into bed to think it over. He must have been quite clear of the bed, because when he dropped back the mattress squeaked, and Mully said, snappily:

"Ba gum, Sammywell, if tha doesn't stop jiggling this bed Ah'm bahn to get up and sleep on t' sofa."

But Sam hardly heard her. He was too upset at his discovery. He decided to wait until Mully was surely asleep and try it again, but unfortunately he fell asleep himself.

In the morning when he woke, his first thought was to tell Mully of his wonderful discovery. But, somehow, it didn't seem too easy in the daylight, sitting there at the breakfast table, with the Californian sunshine spanking down on the tablecloth and on the tea pot and muffins and marmalade and porridge and eggs and a little rasher of ham and cold steak-and-kidney pie and two or three nice bloaters that Mully had bought down in a Scotch bakery and grocery shop she'd run across, down by the Santa Monica pier.

Moreover, Lavinia came in to breakfast, and it's hard for a chap to talk about imaginative things like flying of his own accord, when right across the table there's his own daughter with her face all cold cream and her body wearing silk lounging pyjamas that start a chap wondering if she's really brazen enough to be walking around without her corsets on, even if it is your own daughter.

So all Sam said was:

"Tha knaws, it's funny, Mully; but Ah dreamt last neight Ah were really flying around. Ah were floating i' t' air like one o' them Zeppelins what come over t' wartime."

"Hmmm," said Mully. "What was it that tourist office lad said we maun ax for in this country when us wants brimstone and treacle?"

"Sulphur and molasses, mother," Lavinia said.

"Nay now, it ent ma blood that's off," Sam protested. "This were a varry real and onusual dream, so much so Ah still think Ah were awake."

"Oh, fawther," Lavinia said. "There's nothing unusual about it at all."

"Nowt onusual abaht a chap believes he were flying?"

"Of course not. It's one of the most common of dreams."

"The idea! Now thee eat thy breakfast and hurry about it, too," said Mully. "We've got to see t' casting director at Selznick International i' Coolver City by ten o'clock."

Sam said nothing more about flying; but he determined that the minute he was alone he would try it again. He had quite a wait, because the minute Mully and Lavinia were gone, the maid came in to clean up the apartment. There was the maid, dusting and sweeping and humming to

(*please turn to page* 32)

SUPER-APES IN UNIFORM

Being a potted history of Fascism from the Missing Link to the Dictator

BY R. D. CHARQUES

WE live in an age of Great Men. Not only of Great Men but also Supermen. Or so some people would like us to think. For if the Dictators of to-day are not supermen, what are they?

There are Dictators in Germany, Italy, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Hungary, Greece, Portugal, Albania and half of the Republics of South America. Each Dictator, it seems is a Superman, the head of a Super-Tribe, a Super-State.

The Dictator leads, the rest follow. He commands, the rest obey. It is he who knows everything, permits everything, forbids everything. The laws of the Tribe are made by him alone, the powers of the State belong to him alone. The Dictator is It. This is what Herr Hitler meant in his recent Reichstag speech when he said: "At the head of the Government, the Army and the Party is the Führer. I am he."

In the dictator countries people's lives are being organised down to the last bristle on the men's chins, the last hair on the ladies' eyebrows. Men and women are forbidden to speak, except with one voice. Like the cuckoo in the clock they can say only one thing, and that by way of acclamation: "Heil Hitler!" "Duce! Duce!" "Our Beloved Stalin!"

Over a great part of the world, in fact, men and women have ceased to be individuals. Instead, they have become mere members of a tribe, dumb parts of a blind machine of state which in its movements seems to resemble nothing so much as a tank lost in the dark.

Taking it all round, life in the dictator countries—except for such sideshows, open to the public, as concentration camps, Mediterranean prison islands, Arctic penal settlements, beheading squares and shooting squads—has something of the dead-level uniformity of the beach at Margate on a cold wet Sunday with not a soul in sight.

It is true that there are also mass parades, mass demonstrations, uniforms for everyone and broadcast speeches hours long by the Superman himself. But even this kind of fun fair has its drawbacks. Especially the speeches.

Don't think you can save yourself the boredom of listening to them by tuning in to Ambrose or Jack Payne. You can't. If the Superman speaks everyone must listen. Not to do so may be very dangerous.

An inhabitant of Mars paying a flying visit to Berlin or Rome might think that this worship of the tribe and the tribal leader was something new. We know better. We know that the same things have existed before among mankind.

But not for thousands of years. They existed in the days before civilised history begins, when man was scarcely man at all but very closely akin to the higher apes.

Apes, as everyone knows, are the very distant relations of man. It isn't for nothing, after all, that our aunts, Mabel and Lilian, up from the country feel embarrassment when they visit Monkey Hill!

If the world to-day is full of supermen, not so long ago, as time goes, it was full of super-apes. A mere million or so years back one branch of the ape family was evolving, by infinitely small, infinitely slow stages, into a new species; until finally, some 200,000 years ago, the first ape-like man, a creature who walked erect, could think and speak, appeared on earth.

All over the world, in the darkness of a dim and distant time, the process of change from ape-man to man was going on. Everybody has heard of the famous Piltdown skull unearthed in Sussex, a skull belonging to an ape-like creature that was, nevertheless, definitely human. The professors christened her—yes, it was a she—*Eoanthropus*, creature of the Dawn, the Dawn of the Human Race.

But before this ancestress of modern man were still earlier forms of ape-men. There was a semi-human race in Java, semi-human because they walked erect, had no tail and, as if to compensate them for the absence of a tail, possessed something like the power of speech. They could make noises, that is, could jabber more or less intelligibly to each other.

These were some of the most progressive of man's ancestors. They lived in societies, were organised in tribes and went about armed with sticks and stones. A murderous gang, the professors say, and they would hate to meet one of them on a dark night.

To an earlier age, still nearer the beginning of things, belongs the skull found at Taungs, in South Africa. Here was the super-ape himself, man's forerunner, a vague form scouting in advance across a dark No-Man's Land.

The story of man's evolution, we know, suffers from not one "missing link" but hundreds of missing links. Every year some new fragment of knowledge comes to light.

Only recently a South African scientist, who had previously unearthed the toothless skeleton of an ape-man in a cave near Krugersdorp, joyfully discovered after further search in the same cave a tooth. It was the most important tooth in the world, 200,000 years old and more fascinating to him than all the million-dollar legs in Hollywood.

It was the tooth of the missing link, or of one of the principal missing links, between man's ape-like predecessors and man himself.

Those ape-like predecessors of man and modern man have still a number of points of resemblance between them. To take one point only: the blood that runs in your veins or mine is completely different, say, from the blood of a dog or sheep, but it is hardly different at all from the blood of a chimpanzee. This fact alone, the professors declare, proves their theories. It is a startling thought.

From a study of ape-men and the society in which they lived even more startling conclusions can be drawn. For ape-man society seems to have been organised in a fashion bearing a striking resemblance to organisation in the dictator countries to-day. In fact you can see in ape-man society, in the days before history, the working of the first totalitarian state.

Ape-man society was filled with the same enmity towards everyone and everything outside the tribe that is evident in the public utterances of the dictators to-day. There was the same ruthless suppression of any differences within the tribe. There was the same hatred and persecution of the members of another tribe in their midst. As in the dictator countries, the ape-man followed a Leader with a Big Voice, a Big or Bigger Stick.

There was nothing these forerunners of mankind liked better than dressing up. They hung trails of creeper like chains of office or Hawaian garlands about their necks, carved bones and flints for their personal decoration. Thus adorned they had a way of marching about in different formations, to different steps, first of all slow and majestic, then lighter and more capering.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

Uniforms, goose-steps and mass parades, you see, are not as new as some of us are inclined to think. The ape-men had their version of them all.

Certainly the love of uniforms and mass parades of all kinds has grown to extraordinary lengths in some countries of late years. The ordinary Englishman isn't over-fond of wearing as much as a button on the lapel of his coat, but a famous Nazi General recently couldn't resist sunning himself out of doors in his new uniform within twelve hours of a new appointment. And all Italy, we know, is practising the goose-step enthusiastically behind Il Duce himself.

Every country in Europe at the present time—for the democratic countries have been forced to follow the dictator countries in this—is arming as it has never armed before. All the world, it seems, is preparing for a war of extermination.

But wars of extermination are not new either. Like the dictators they go back to the days of pre-history. They too belong to the tribe.

We know that alien tribes of ape-men, migrating from other parts of the earth as the seas divided or the climate changed, were attacked and murdered by the tribes among which they found themselves.

We know that an entire species of Old Stone Age Men, still very ape-like—the race of Neanderthal men, as they are sometimes called, oddly enough from the name of a place in western Germany where another famous skeleton was found—became extinct somewhere between 40,000 B.C. and 25,000 B.C. Having destroyed the members of a more intelligent race who had migrated towards them, they, in turn, were completely destroyed.

Race after race of prehistoric men were wiped out in this fashion in just such wars of extermination as threaten the world to-day. The fact that men fought with sticks and stones, not high-explosive bombs and poison gas, made no difference. The results were the same.

The Neanderthals, as a tribe, had little sense of art except in the manufacture of flint and stone weapons and tools. In this again they resemble, oddly enough, the Nazis of to-day.

Only a few months ago the Führer had loud praise for the design of a new type of German submarine and almost immediately afterwards ordered the removal from all German art galleries of paintings by Rembrandt, because the great Flemish painter had chosen some of his subjects from the ghetto!

Neanderthal man was wiped out, but it seems that a great deal of his mind and outlook has survived, all the same.

Ape-man has evolved through the centuries into modern man. But in many parts of Africa and South America ape tribes still flourish. The professors, not content with their investigations into all the missing links between man and the ape, have even studied ape society itself.

Their discoveries point to some very strange facts about this twentieth-century world of ours. Apes in the mass appear to behave in much the same way as human beings in the mass everywhere and particularly in the dictator countries.

If a single member of a troop of apes is attacked, immediately, we are told, the whole troop become tremendously excited. They howl with one voice, and the more they howl the more excited they become, until at last exhaustion sets in.

When the great majority of the group are inclined to be peaceful, there are always some apes who make it their business to stir up the rest to mass attack. Often the blindest fury is aroused in this way, though hardly any of them know what all the excitement is really about.

This is the sort of thing that happened, say, after the burning of the Reichstag in Germany or during the political trials of Trotskyists and wreckers in Russia. Mass excitement of this kind is the only form of political expression which is allowed in the dictator countries. It is, of course, a substitute for thought.

Resemblances, or what seem to be resemblances, multiply. The ape tribe, non-Aryan though it is, gives vent to extremes of racial prejudice. Apes resent the presence of an alien in their midst as bitterly as Hitler's Germany resents the presence of the Jews.

When an alien is discovered in ape society the Group Leaders raise a deafening clamour of indignation against him. When the excitement has reached a certain pitch he is either murderously assaulted by the entire group or at any rate forcibly ejected from their midst.

Again, in ape society the tribe is everything, the individual nothing. In consequence, apes do not specially care for liberty. Put a group of apes in a cage and leave one of their number outside. He will do everything he can to join the others in the cage. He prefers their company to his own freedom. The more they are together the happier he will be.

"Liberty is for the democratic weaklings, liberty is not for us," Mussolini has said. About 200,000 years ago the Big Noise of the moment probably said the same thing.

Super-apes and Supermen, after all, are not so very different, it appears, in spite of the 200,000 years between. How far, indeed, in this business of mass passions and race hatreds, both characteristic features of ape-man society—how far has a large part of mankind evolved since the beginning of things?

No one can look at what is being done in the dictator countries to-day and fail to see that the leaders there are attempting a wholesale regimentation of the human race on tribal lines. The significant thing is that the attempt is being made for the first time in human history.

Five centuries before Christ, the first democracy, Athens, knew nothing of doctrines such as the modern dictator preaches. Neither did Imperial Rome. Nor can anything of the kind be traced through the Dark Ages after Rome had fallen, nor through the Middle Ages or the discoveries, the wars, the revolutions that followed them, right down to our own times.

The teachings of dictatorships are certainly not new. They are rediscoveries, or revivals in a worse form, of passions and evils older than man, as old as the man-like apes and borrowed from them.

Perhaps, after all, history does repeat itself. Else the truth is that modern man has grown tired of being civilised. Over the greater part of Europe and a large part of Asia he seems determined to march backwards into the darkness of pre-history, goose-stepping all the way.

Meanwhile civilisation might reach out to great ends, in spite of everything, if we could only be certain of remembering that Great Men, as the Chinese say, are public calamities.

ON PEACE WORK

When Father Francis and Longshanks fell out in the cause of peace, they unwittingly brought village warfare to an end

BY FRANCIS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. G. ILLINGWORTH

TOWARDS the ending of the day Longshanks and I came to the western border of Sussex and from high up on the downs looked upon a peaceful valley that is as near to Heaven as any place you are likely to find on this earth of ours.

The sun had dipped below the Hampshire hills, and the sky was crimsoning. Down in the valley wood smoke drifted from cottages on the seaward air. Purple darkness lay in the deepest hollows, and the chalk escapement to the north was grey in the fading light.

"In such a place, Longshanks," I said, breaking the deep silence at last, "one could end one's days in peace. For in truth it is impossible to conceive that sin should ever enter here."

Longshanks sighed. "I think you are right, Father," said he. "Who could even think evil in the shadow of these ancient downs? There can be no foolish competition in that village, and hence no rivalry, no strife, no hatred, but only peace."

I looked at him in no little surprise, for Longshanks is usually diffident of making long speeches—especially of such a nature.

"Let us go down into this valley," Longshanks continued in a dreamy voice. "If I mistake not, that light"—he pointed half to his left—"comes from an inn. I should like to sit in its quiet parlour and talk to the men of this place."

We went down the hill, therefore, Longshanks and I, and when we were come near to the light which he pointed at, we saw that the place was an inn.

Daylight was nearly gone when Longshanks pushed open the door of the bar-parlour.

"Domn my eyes!" an irate voice greeted us, "I'll l'arn the dog-lasted varmint to make sheep's eyes at my Rosie!"

We halted inside the door in considerable surprise, for we had thought to find a scene other than this.

"That's right, Jesse," another voice came through the thick haze of tobacco smoke. "Don't 'ee stand no nonsense, boy: smash 'is blurry 'ead in."

Shocked and dismayed, I would have left at once, but Longshanks prodded me forward; wherefore I went to an empty settle under the window and sat down while Longshanks put his head through the serving hatch in the wall and called for ale.

Then it was that the other occupants of the room—there were four, I saw—noticed our presence.

"Evenin', zur," an oldish man, but very big and muscular, nodded to me, touching his forelock. "No sign o' rain yet."

"No; and there wun't be none, not whiles things be as they is, Jesse," the man alongside him said cryptically.

"Don't talk foolish, Ned," Jesse reproved him in fine scorn. "'Ow can——"

"You mark my words, Jesse," Ned interrupted him, darkly; "this yere drought be a judgment o' God on us 'cause us doan't get rid o' they varmints down Little."

Longshanks had joined me by this time.

"Where's Little?" he asked.

"Little be Little Stivelfold," Ned grunted.

"I thought this was Stivelfold," I observed.

"This be *Great* Stivelfold," Jesse joined in, emphasising the adjective. "Little be t'other side o' river."

"I gather you don't like the inhabitants of Little Stivelfold," I said humorously.

"Like 'em!" roared Jesse. He banged a great fist on the table. "We hates 'em!"

"But why?" I asked.

"Great Stivelfold and Little Stivelfold 'ave always bin h'enemies," quoth Jesse. "They'm furriners to we."

"So there isn't any particular reason?" I said.

"An't that reason enough?" one of the men asked. "'Orrible 'ole it be. W'y, they a'n't even got no shop. They 'as to come over to us to buy everything they wants—unless they likes to goo to Chichester, which is miles away . . . . I wouldn' be seen dead in Little."

I sighed and took a long and satisfying draught of beer, reflecting meanwhile how bitterly disappointed I was in the place. I had expected to find perfect peace, and instead, had come into a hotbed of hate.

"Time was," Jesse told us, "w'en Little and us use to 'ave real battles on the bridge. I mind the time w'en I broke Charley Pain's arm. Picked un up and threw un 'gainst the bridge post, I did. An' Charley Pain come an' set fire to my toolshed one night—w'en I were a-sleeping in it, too, the dirty stoat, 'cause me ol' doman 'ad mumps."

"Then there was the time," Ned continued the tale, "when you got three parts five-eighths at the *Jolly Farmer* up at Sittingly, and 'Arry Lomas did——"

"'Ere, steady on!" Jesse admonished him. "That a'n't true."

"——did tie 'ee backwards on old Jenny Musson's donkey, an' sent——"

"Come, come, gentlemen!" I broke in, and added humorously: "You'll be fighting among yourselves next. Do you know that while my friend and I were admiring this place from the downs we both said that this must be the most peaceful place on God's green earth? And——"

"So 't would be if it weren't for them Littl'uns," Ned averred.

I sighed. "Well, let's have another drink apiece," I said, feeling in my pocket for some money.

"Thank 'ee, zur," Jesse responded, "Mine's beer."

Before I could go to the counter the door of a sudden opened. On the threshold stood a policeman.

"Well, I be gormed!" I heard Jesse mutter.

"Anyone 'ere the name o' Wrigley?" demanded the policeman.

Nobody answered. A deathlike stillness filled the room. Without a word the policeman stalked, soft-footed, to the serving hatch.

"Landlord!" he called.

I heard movement beside me. Jesse, his face pale in the lamplight, crept to the door and passed noiselessly outside.

The landlord's head appeared through the hatch.

"Anyone 'ere the name o' Wrigley?" demanded the policeman.

"W'y, yes," answered the landlord in a reluctant

"Longshanks!" I shouted above the din. "There's a bridge five miles downstream. Go and——" A blob of mud struck me full in the face

yet respectful voice. "Jesse!" he called into the room.

"Jesse's gorn," said Ned.

"Bin gorn some time." Silas added laconically.

"But——" began the landlord.

"Catching larst train to 'Orsham, 'e did say." Ned declared.

The landlord swallowed.

"'Is darter Aggie's bin took ill," Silas added.

The policeman turned and took a step towards us.

"Which of you's Jesse Wrigley?" he demanded. "Come on; out wi' it. No lies."

"We a'n't told 'ee no lies," Ned said. "Jesse 'ave gorn to 'Orsham to see 'is darter wot's bin took ill. Got mumps, she 'ave," he added brightly.

The policeman regarded us through half-closed eyes. He subjected me, especially, to a long inspection.

"I assure you I'm not Jesse," I told him. "Perhaps, since I was about to order drinks you'd——?"

"I'll 'ave a pint of old," he said at once, opening his eyes and becoming more human. He looked at the clock. "There isn't long, though," he added.

I ordered the drinks.

"What's Jesse been up to?" I asked, when we had raised mugs to each other. "And how comes it that you, a police officer, don't know Jesse by sight?"

"I don't belong to this place," he said, confidentially—he and I were sitting apart from the others. "You're a stranger 'ere, sir, a'n't you?"

I nodded.

"P'raps you've 'eard of the goin's-on atwixt Great and Little Stivelfold?" he said. I nodded again.

"Narsty business," he went on. "Stoopid, I calls it. I bin sent over 'ere from Chichester to keep law and order—they're thinkin' of sending a man 'ere permanent if this 'anky-panky don't stop."

"It is a stupid business," I agreed. "No reason for it at all."

The policeman's presence seemed to have cast a chill over the assembly. Instead of talking, they looked at us covertly.

The policeman and I were alongside the door. Consequently, when it opened again—and it was opened very slowly this time—we were hidden from the newcomer. The policeman's back was to the door and, talking to me, he appeared not to have noticed the movement behind him. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the head of Jesse. He peered round the room.

"'E've gorn, then?" he remarked. "Wot's 'e want to stick his blasted nose in 'ere for?"

Ned was making frantic signs to him. The policeman suddenly turned and uttered an exclamation. Jesse's face went green. With a shocking expletive he turned and bolted out of the room.

The policeman grabbed his helmet, which he had placed on the table, and in a trice was after him. Unluckily Longshanks's long legs were in the way and he went sprawling. Somebody cackled. The policeman picked himself up, retrieving his helmet, which had fallen off, and passed out of sight.

"The silly ol' fool!" Ned said. "Arter I'd said 'e were gone to 'Orsham too."

"But what does the policeman want him for?" I inquired.

"'T is all along o' one of they Littl'uns," Silas explained. And then he embarked on a long and excessively detailed explanation which took me some time to puzzle out.

It appeared that over the river, in Little Stivelfold, was a blacksmith named Tom Bemmidge, and Tom had a son named Will, who had looked upon Jesse Wrigley's daughter and seen that she was fair, and had thereupon—and not unnaturally—proceeded to court her. Jesse had discovered this; wherefore he had invaded the enemy's territory, and seeking out Tom Bemmidge had demanded that he keep young Will in order. At that, Tom had tried to clout Jesse over the head with his hammer, but had unfortunately miscalculated, and the hammer had been so fiercely swung that it described a half-circle and finally hit the wielder a shrewd blow in the stomach. Tom had fallen to the ground, writhing in agony, and had eventually been taken home by Jesse.

At that point in his narrative Silas stopped to get his breath.

"That was a very kind deed to perform in the circumstances," I commented. "Tom ought not to have taken his hammer to Jesse, and Jesse acted as a sportsman in tending an enemy in distress."

"That's right," said Silas. "And then, when 'e'd seen Tom Bemmidge put to bed and a doctor sent for, he went back to the smith and unscrewed the anvil an' carried it to Tom's place—'e be a powerful man, be Jesse Wrigley—an' dropped it down Tom's well. That's w'y the police do be arter 'im."

I was so shocked that at first I could not speak. Longshanks, on the other hand, roared with indecent laughter.

"But what about the boy?—Will, I mean," I asked at length.

"Ar," Silas said. "That's jest it. Reckon it were Will wot tole the police, an' that's a thing that no one in Great Stivelfold, or in Little Stivelfold, 'ave ever done these 'unnerds o' years. 'Ta'n't right."

"I quite agree with you," Longshanks said, surprisingly. "After all, it was only a joke."

"Longshanks," I reproved him. "That is a dreadful thing to say. Jesse was hopelessly in the wrong." "Not at all," Longshanks retorted. "He didn't do anything till Tom tried to murder him."

"Nonsense, Longshanks!" I exclaimed heatedly. "There's no doubt that——"

"I think dropping Tom's anvil in his own well is the funniest thing I've heard for——" Longshanks began, chuckling.

"Stop!" I cried. "You forget yourself. Where is your sense of right and wrong? Why——"

"'It 'im, Mister Longshanks," Silas suddenly broke into the altercation. "'E be a Littl'un, sure-lye."

I sobered down at once, aghast at the thought that I had been near to quarrelling with Longshanks, my very dear friend.

"I'm sorry, Longshanks," I said, contritely. "I'm afraid I——"

"My fault, Father," Longshanks answered me. "Only it's unreasonable of you to take Tom Bemmidge's part."

"But he was in the right," I insisted. "After all, didn't Jesse——"

"No, he didn't," Longshanks broke in, apparently knowing what I was going to say. "And I'm ashamed of you, Father, for——"

"Time, gents, *please*!" the landlord bawled.

Longshanks and I spent the night at the inn. I did not sleep much, for I was excited, and the more I thought of Jesse's mean action of carrying poor Tom's anvil to his own well and dropping it in, the more incensed I became. Consequently I did not fall asleep until the birds were twittering.

When I awoke the sun was pouring in at the uncurtained window. My first thought was one of remorse that I had vented my indignation so forcefully to Longshanks overnight; wherefore, so soon as I was dressed I went to his room to express regret. It was empty.

Downstairs the landlord said that Longshanks had had his breakfast two hours ago and had gone out. I looked at the clock and to my dismay saw that the hour hand pointed to ten. After a miserable meal, therefore, Longshanks not having returned, I went dolefully out into the road and looked up at the quiet hill from which we had contemplated the village last evening. The sun blazed in a cloudless sky. No one was abroad, and before long I sought the shade of the inn and sat on a bench outside.

I felt very tired, for though I had risen late I had nevertheless slept but little. Despite my efforts to keep awake, my heavy head would persist in nodding. Finally I succumbed and,

(*please turn to page* 13)

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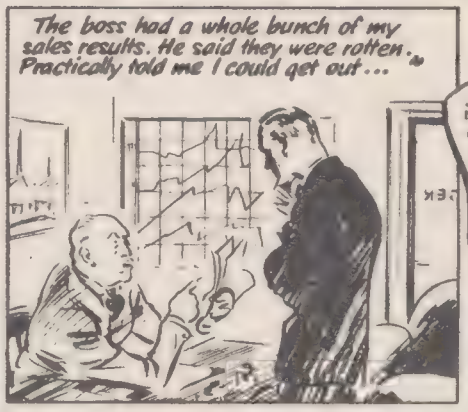

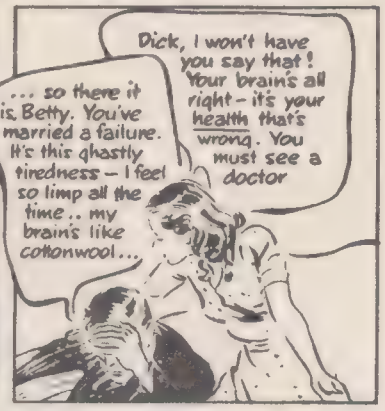

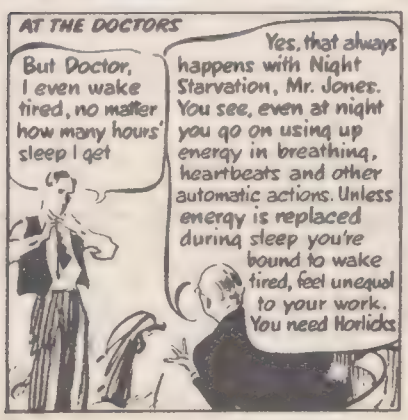

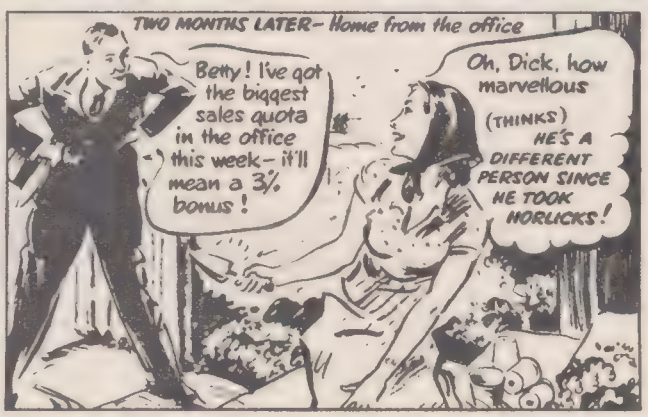

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GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

lulled by the drowsy murmur of bees, I fell into slumber.

A voice woke me. It came from inside the inn.

"'E've bin took to Chichester," it said. "They do say as 'ow 'e's bin charged with 'itting Tom Bemmidge in stummick."

"But Jesse didn't 'it 'im," protested another voice, which I recognised as the landlord's.

"That's wot I did 'ear," the first voice said. "Any'ow, 'tis true he dropped anvil in well."

I was fully awake now, and the significance of the words did not escape me.

Now I do not know very much about legal matters, but it seemed to me that while Jesse Wrigley deserved punishment by the law for his inhuman act, this could not happen unless Tom Bemmidge, the blacksmith at Little Stivelfold, laid a charge against him and testified accordingly. And notwithstanding my feeling that Jesse fully deserved to be punished, I considered that if only Tom Bemmidge could be persuaded to drop the charge this might have the effect of ending the foolish enmity between the two villages, and thus good would come out of evil.

The more I thought over the idea the more feasible it seemed, and the more I yearned to be the person who would bring peace to this distressed place. I rose at length, therefore, and made my way towards the river—the whereabouts of which was evident from the slope of the land.

At the end of the lane was a wooden bridge over a stream, which was not more than twenty yards wide—a mere twenty yards, I reflected sadly, were sufficient to divide men into rival camps. I crossed the bridge and arrived in Little Stivelfold.

I liked the look of the place, and glancing back, I compared it with Great Stivelfold to the latter's discredit. Then I saw the smithy. It was empty except for a cart minus one wheel. The fire was out. Before it stood a block that should have borne an anvil.

"What a mean thing to do!" I exclaimed, angrily, aloud. "That anvil represented Tom's livelihood."

"You've said a true word," a voice came out of the semi-darkness of the forge.

Startled, I peered to the side, from which a tall figure detached itself—that, I saw, of a young man.

"Are you the blacksmith's son?" I asked.

"Ar, I be Will Bemmidge," the young man said.

"Is your father better?" I inquired.

The youngster shook his head sadly.

"Perhaps I could see him?" I suggested.

He took me out of the darkness of the smithy along the sun-scorched road to a pleasant cottage. Inside a woman was cooking.

"The Reverend want to see Dad," Will told her.

The woman became flustered. Finally she pushed the saucepan to the side of the fire and, wiping her hands on her apron, opened a door.

"Will 'ee come upstairs, zur?" she invited.

I went, therefore, up the short steep flight of stairs. In the room over the kitchen was a great bed in which a burly man lay on his back. He groaned as I entered.

"I hope you're better," I opened the conversation.

"I be awful bad," he groaned. "Near killed, I be."

"I want you to know, Mr. Bemmidge," I prefaced my remarks, "that I entirely sympathise with you—I think you've been treated shamefully."

"Ar, that I 'ave," he agreed with heartiness.

"On the other hand," I went on in haste, "there is no doubt that this feud—this hatred—between the two villages is stupid and ought to be ended."

"Ar," Tom Bemmidge said doubtfully.

"Wouldn't you like to be the one to bring peace to the place?" I asked. "If you drop the charge against Jesse Wrigley and the police take no action——"

"But I a'n't laid no charge agin him!"

"Someone must have told them," I said doubtfully.

"Ar; no doubt someone did, but 't warn't me," Tom answered. "I can fight me own battles without bringing the police in."

"Well, then," I said, "you can still be the means of bringing peace to the village if you refuse to give evidence against Jesse."

"'Ow can I when I be abed?" Tom asked. "I wouldn't go near that p'leece court for ten pun."

"That's the spirit!" I approved. "Litigation is always stupid. But the point is that if you keep out of it altogether, the folk at Great Stivelfold'll admire your sportsmanship so much that they'll want to make friends with Little Stivelfold."

"Will they, the varmints!" exclaimed Tom, violently. "I'll domn' well see they doan't. We doan't want no peace with them."

"Oh, come, Dad!" a voice came to me from behind. I turned and saw young Will, who had come upstairs unheard by us. "There a'n't no sense in——"

"You shut yer trap!" his father threatened him. "I knows wot you be after. If 'twarn't for you an' that hussy of Wrigley's I shouldn't be on me death-bed. I tell 'ee——"

But his pronouncement was never made, for at that moment a terrific detonation thudded, as it were, against the house and the windows rattled and the room shook.

"My Goad!" Tom ejaculated.

Mrs. Bemmidge screamed, downstairs. Young Will ran to the window.

"They've blowed up the bridge!" he shouted.

Old Tom Bemmidge leapt out of bed and joined his son. A flood of profanity streamed from him. Stupified, I went to the window and peered round him.

"Dynamite! That's wot done it," declared Will in an awed voice. "Must 'ave bin Silas Bumbling. 'E do use dynamite for blowin' up trees when they be too big fer fellin'."

"Dog-last 'im!" his sire roared. "I'll flay the 'ide off'n 'im. Where's me trousis? Hi, wumman!" he bawled to his wife. "Where did 'ee put me trousis?"

All this time my indignation had been mounting. Suddenly it burst forth. "The scoundrels!" I anathematised the Great Stivelfold men. "To think they would——"

"Where's me trousis?" roared old Tom; and without waiting for an answer he went with surprising agility to the door, his nightshirt flapping about his brawny legs, and plunged precipitately down the stairs, shouting for his nether garment the while.

Will was still standing by the window, gazing at the wrecked bridge. A number of people on both sides of the stream were surveying the ruin now.

"Now I shall have to walk five mile to the bridge at New 'Orsey when I wants to see my Rosie," Will lamented.

"The scoundrels!" I repeated, hardly hearing him.

Then I saw to my surprise that one of the figures on the far bank of the river was unmistakably that of Longshanks. He was talking animatedly to a little thin man beside him and—yes, he was laughing! It was incredible. How could he be so callous.

The two groups on the river bank were shouting at each other now—insults, no doubt. Suddenly I saw Longshanks shake his fist at the "Littl'uns".

I seethed with indignation at the thought that he had identified himself with these ruffians on the other side, and without more ado I hurried to the door and clambered down the stairs.

The kitchen was empty. No doubt Tom had meanwhile found his trousers and had departed. Perhaps Mrs. Bemmidge had gone too.

But such details did not concern me. My one thought was to get to the scene of the disaster myself, wherefore I left the house, and gathering up the skirts of my cassock in both hands, ran down the road.

As I drew near the bridge I saw that the damage was not extensive. Apparently it had been blown up close to each bank, and the middle part of it was intact. It could be easily and quickly repaired.

But that was not the point. The point was that those blackguards in Great Stivelfold had had the audacity and evil-mindedness to disconnect Little Stivelfold from its most convenient source of supply of necessities.

Most of the menfolk and many of the women of both villages were on the banks of the river, and pandemonium had broken loose. I tried to raise my voice above it all.

"Longshanks!" I shouted. "How dare you shake your fist at us!"

The crowd on the other side howled at me.

"Silence!" I cried futilely. "Longshanks! Come across here at once!"

"Yah!" howled the Great Stivelfold crowd.

I shook my fist at them involuntarily. A roar of anger came from the other side. It increased when three Little Stivelfold men with timber and saws and hammers and nails began to repair our side of the bridge. Of a sudden one of the crowd on the opposite bank bent down and scooped up a handful of mud. I gasped in dismay when I saw his intent. He threw the messy missile at a man who had started to mend the bridge.

"Longshanks!" I shouted above the din. "There's a bridge five miles downstream. Go and——"

A blob of mud struck me full in the face, and the crowd howled with indecent mirth. I scooped the mess out of my eyes, spluttering and raging.

"Longshanks!" I began, and to my horror I saw Longshanks stoop down and grab a handful of mud.

That was the last straw for all of us "Littl'uns" and a battle royal ensued. Longshanks and I singled each other out and flung mud in huge quantities. Indeed, so ferocious became our duel that I was of a sudden aware that the others had stopped and were watching us. They began to shout encouragement, and when I hit Longshanks full on the ear with a particularly moist blob of mud both sides applauded rapturously.

My blood was up now. I laughed with sheer enjoyment of the conflict and could not gather up mud fast enough. But I had willing assistance. All my comrades in the battle provided me with ammunition. And on his ride of the river Longshanks's comrades did the like for him.

My throwing arm grew more and more weak; my body sagged; my missiles plopped into the river only half-way across. Plastered with mud from head to foot and almost unable to stand because of fatigue, I must have been a sorry sight.

Then of a sudden I became aware that something new was happening. I looked wearily across the river. The policeman who had sought Jesse Wrigley the night before was pushing his way through the crowd and making for Longshanks, who was still bombarding me with mud.

"Longshanks!" I yelled. "Look out!"

Gone now was the instinct for battle. In a few minutes Longshanks would be under arrest. Strength came back to me. I looked at the bridge swiftly and saw that the men had worked with such good will that they had already got one plank firmly in position. I did not hesitate—I did not even think of the gap on the farther side of the bridge. The only thought I had was that Longshanks was in peril.

I broke through the crowd and ran on to the single plank of the bridge which had been put into place. I kept on, conscious that all the shouting was stilled. I came to the farther gap, which was about eight feet wide, and jumped blindly—right on to the policeman, though I assure you I had not meant to. He was bowled clean over.

I was on my feet at once. The crowd was roaring now with delight. I grabbed the muddy Longshanks in my arms, rejoicing that I had saved him from arrest. And his arms closed round me, too, and we embraced before all the inhabitants of the two villages.

The policeman was on his feet again. I released myself and swung round as he made towards me, his face purple with fury. But now the crowd took a hand. Someone tripped up the policeman.

And then I saw Jesse Wrigley—so he had not been charged, after all! He picked up the policeman in his arms as though he had been a baby.

"D'you want me to throw 'ee in river?" he bawled at the victim in his arms. "If not, you 'op it, an' don't show yer nose in this yere place again. We be all honest folk 'ere."

And then I saw something else—the "Littl'uns", led by Tom Bemmidge, the mighty blacksmith, were filing over the bridge and jumping ashore, as I had done, on to enemy territory. But it was enemy territory no more. The only enemy was the policeman, whom Jesse had now set on his feet on the outskirts of the crowd. Great Stivelfold and Little Stivelfold together joined in execrating and threatening him with the direst penalties if he returned.

And as that unfortunate man slunk away they formed a circle round Longshanks and me—their centuries-long feud over at last.

WHERE MEN GO MAD!

They'd got to get to Marsden's Bore, the only place where there was water in this desert .... but there was old Spinifex heading them off. Was he mad or was he playing some queer, grim game? ...

INGRAM MORGAN tells the answer in "SHOOTING at MARSDEN'S BORE"

NEXT WEEK

JU-JU TROUBLE FOR ELIZABETH

The old native custom of making sacrifices to the local Ju-ju looks like causing Elizabeth quite a lot of trouble, for she is Public Offering No. 1 when the fun starts. Still, there's a chance of reprieve.

BY FLORENCE KILPATRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

Rusty repressed an intense desire to enforce his order with a well-delivered kick

TO look at Rusty Brown gently balancing himself to and fro on the "rocker" so beloved of Americans, chewing a villainously strong native-made cigar, his eyes half closed in the bright sunshine, suggested a mood of utter tranquility. But when he sat in this relaxed attitude it meant that he was thinking deeply, and just then his thoughts were far from pleasant.

For three years he had dwelt in the Sacred Valley of Thahabu and for the first time his rest had been disturbed by the beating of the drums and by the Wailing Song. He knew enough of the Mtangulizi to be certain that this boded no good for the white men who had come to their country. A new, strange unrest was stirring in the valley, a great bustle amongst the people, much coming and going to the conference hall of the Chief, and the Ju-ju temple.

Seeing Sufi, his house-boy, emerging from the bungalow, Rusty called to him from the courtyard. He approached slowly and with an obviously preoccupied air.

"You called, Boss?"

This free and easy mode of address did not come amiss to Rusty's ears, since he had instructed Sufi to speak the language he employed.

"Yep. I am going to have the white folk over here to dinner with me to-night—and say, you might put the table on the veranda; they like to eat outa doors, though I ain't set on it."

Sufi shook his head. "I cain't serve your guests to-night, Boss. I reckon you'll have to do without me."

"Sez you" Rusty bit off the end of his cigar and spat. "You seem all het up about something, Sufi. What's eating you?"

Sufi avoided his glance. He shuffled his bare feet in the dust of the courtyard. "Going to make whoopee . . . everyone in the whole durned valley is going to make whoopee."

"And what's the big idea?"

"Aw, it's just a custom with our folk." Sufi moved away, while Rusty repressed an intense desire to enforce his order with a well delivered kick. Experience had taught him, however, that the natives would not be bullied into obedience, for they were a sturdily independent race and had never known servitude. In this fertile valley with its exquisite climate, cut off from all communication with the outside world, they seemed immune from the ordinary cares of life. Their vast store of accumulated wealth, in which all participated, seemed of little account to them, for, of course, they were not able to judge it from worldly standards. They served Rusty, waited on him, worked under his command, because the Chief had ordered it. They did this cheerfully, willingly, but never let it be forgotten that they retained their independence. Therefore, when Sufi intimated that he had affairs of his own to occupy him, Rusty knew that he did not count.

"Wonder what they're up to . . . it's so durned hard to find out what's in the mind of these guys," thought Rusty. An idea occurred to him. He rose, threw away his cigar and set off briskly to walk to the eastern bank of the Sacred River, some distance beyond the village. It brought him to a smooth green plateau, surrounded by a belt of tall gum-copal trees. Here the people of the valley assembled on special fête days; here Rusty paused. His freckled face paled and he swore, for that was his way of expressing his emotions. He had discovered the meaning of the excitement and unrest that was stirring in Thahabu and, his thoughts in a turmoil, he hurried back to the bungalow. Crossing the courtyard he saw that Elizabeth was awaiting him, standing on the veranda, shading her eyes from the sun with her hands.

Between Elizabeth and Rusty there had always been a sense of antagonism. They seldom met without a passage of words. But now he forgot this as he strode up to her and seized her by the arm.

"Tell the others I gotta talk to them right now," he commanded.

Elizabeth drew up her lank form with dignity. "You just keep your 'ands to yourself. An' I'd like you to know that I don't take no orders from anyone in this place. Wot I ses, goes. I'm top dog, an' don't you forget it."

"Sez you." He gave a singularly mirthless laugh. "Top dog doesn't always stay on top, remember that."

"Wot are you gettin' at?"

"Did you hear the drums all last night?" he asked in a changed tone. "And the native guys singing the Wailing Song."

Elizabeth—whose profound slumbers had usually to be broken by artificial means of a violent nature, shook her head.

"I never 'eard nothink."

"Bully for you. If drums don't break your dreams, nothing will."

"I got nothink on my conscience, see. When I'm asleep I mighter's well be dead."

Rusty gave her a queer look. "You've said a mouthful. Now, looka here. I must talk with your folk at once. Scram!"

Something in the urgency of his tone, the unusual pallor of his face, impressed Elizabeth. Without any further attempt at acid repartee she hurried away.

Left alone Rusty paced the courtyard, meditating morosely on the anxiety and annoyance he was being subjected to for the sake of these people who had invaded Thahabu. Their arrival had destroyed his idyllic existence in this earthly Paradise, they were a constant responsibility. His efforts—when he had connived at their escape through the Tunnel—had been fruitless. He felt he would never get rid of them, but now it seemed as though that problem was about to be settled in a way that was far from agreeable. His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Netta, Henry and Megan with Elizabeth bringing up the rear.

"Come into the bungalow. I reckon we got to talk, but I don't want other folk to hear," he said in a low voice.

"What's the mystery?" inquired Megan, when they were all seated. Observing that, for the first time, Rusty waited on them himself, bringing cups and a jug of wine, he added, "What's become of that wonderfully trained staff of yours?"

"That's one of the things I want to talk to you about," replied Rusty. He drank deeply of the wine, then set the gold cup sharply down on the table. "Drink up, all of you, and then some. You're in need of something that'll put courage into you."

As they drank and looked at him anxiously, Rusty debated in his mind as to the best way of breaking dire news. Words did not come to him too easily and he was aware that those he must employ now ought to be notable for tact. There was an awkward silence.

"You got something on your mind—supposin' you get it off your chest," said Elizabeth at last.

Rusty had an idea. "I want you folk to come with me. I want to show you what's eating me, so as you'll get on to the idea right now."

"I'm ready to start at once," said Netta, pushing aside her wine, which was untasted. Since the incident of the doped wine, she had taken a dislike to alcohol, declaring that it brought too vividly to her mind the memory of soap and water as an emetic.

Rusty led the way through the village and along the winding banks of the river. When they came in sight of the grassy plateau, he paused.

"Take an eyeful of that and tell me what you see."

"Nothing but scenery," volunteered Elizabeth.

"I came here before, but I don't remember seeing those huts," said Megan. Then he looked sharply at Rusty and a glance of understanding passed between them. Megan had been too many years in Africa and had too good a knowledge of tribal ways to misunderstand the significance of those four newly erected huts.

"Yep—that's the way it is," said Rusty, as though Megan had put his thoughts into words. "You'd better spill the beans," and he nodded at the others.

Megan turned to them. "Some tribes have a superstition that death defiles any abode. It is against their creed to allow the body of a dead person to be taken into a dwelling unless that dwelling is burnt down soon afterwards. In special circumstances they build death huts—such as these."

"Death huts—and there are four of them," said Henry.

"In three days the moon is at full and the Sacred River rises to its highest," said Rusty solemnly. "When this happens, the native guys take it for what they call a sacred sign. The Chief holds a pow-wow, I guess, and after that there's some dirty business afoot, you can take it from me."

"You think there is going to be sacrifice?" said Henry.

"There is to be blood sacrifice in the Ju-ju Temple," replied Rusty. "And though I've been three years here, I've never heard the drums and the Wailing Song before. Things ain't looking none too good for you folk."

There flashed across the mind of each the memory of the sinister cave below the Ju-ju Temple, and the skeletons of the explorers who had come from the world beyond the Sacred Valley, never again to leave it. They drew closer to each other and exchanged looks of terror. After a long pause, Megan squared his shoulders.

"There may be some way out yet."

"I'm certain of it," said Henry, drawing Netta's hand through his arm.

"I'm sick o' this 'ere Sacred Valley, with their sacred signs, an' sacred bulls, an' sacred wot-not," said Elizabeth fiercely. "Wot I'd like is to see the Chief 'ave a kick in 'is sacred pants!"

Rusty gave one of his rare laughs. He considered them in turn, being driven to a grudging admiration of their pluck and coolness. He had never had much liking for the English, regarding them with a kind of contempt because of their alleged slowness and lack of initiative, a common belief amongst untravelled Americans. But it was evident that in moments of supreme danger they knew how to behave.

"I guess I gotta hand it to these guys," he meditated. They knew now the significance of the sacrificial ceremony that was to take place three days hence; they knew enough, too, of Mtangulizi customs to surmise the horror of the ritual in the Ju-ju Temple. Yet they were calm and cool, showing no signs of panic, while Elizabeth could even jest.

"Let's get away from here," said Netta, turning from the sinister sight of those newly erected huts with a shudder. They walked in silence. Reaching Rusty's bungalow, they found two of the Chief's bodyguard waiting before the door.

They ignored Rusty's question as to what they wanted, but to Elizabeth they made profound obeisance. As the owner of Shetani, the sacred Ju-ju, she received general homage from the natives. Somehow, at that moment, it did not afford her the usual satisfaction.

"What's up?" she demanded curtly.

"The Chief wants to talk to you in the conference hall."

"Orl of us?"

"Sure."

"Then we'd better be movin'." Elizabeth looked at Rusty. "You in on this?"

"I guess I'll come along. I might be of help."

"Don't you be too sure that your number ain't up, same as the rest of us," she muttered.

"You mustn't let the Chief think you're afraid of him," Henry said to Netta as they all walked to the Conference Hall.

"I shall try not to, Henry."

"We must play for time," said Megan.

"That's the idea," agreed Rusty. "Listen, folk. If you can get them to put off the proceedings . . . well, it's one of their rules never to play whoopee in the Ju-ju Temple except when the moon is at full. So you still gotta chance."

Admittedly Rusty spoke more with a hope of keeping up the spirits of his companions than because he had any belief in the success of his suggestion.

Nothing short of a miracle, he decided, could deflect the tribe from its grim purpose. But Megan looked hopeful. A bold and daring idea had come to him.

They found the Chief sitting in state, his warriors around him. He rose and greeted them all with unusual ceremony.

"Sit down, you folk," he said affably. "I got some news for you."

"Good news, I 'ope," said Elizabeth, tartly.

"Dandy. All the folk in this lil' burg are going to give you a special honour. Your blood will be offered up in the Ju-ju Temple. And as for you," he turned to Elizabeth, "you shall have the biggest honour of all. And why? You have brought Shetani to us . . . your reward will be that you and you alone shall be offered to Shetani. Your blood shall be spilt on the altar of the great and only Shetani."

"Thank you for nothink," retorted Elizabeth, going extremely pale, yet in view of Henry's advice, struggling to preserve a calm demeanour. "Got any more ideers where that came from?"

"There'll be a swell feast," continued the Chief addressing them all. "Celebrations in which every soul in the valley will join. Yes, sir. It is to be the biggest, grandest celebration ever known."

"We are indeed honoured, Chief." It was Megan who spoke in calm, measured tones. "For it seems this event is to make history. The story of it will be handed down for generations?"

The Chief nodded, pleased. "Sure. That's the big idea."

"History shows us, sir, that very great men have often made grave mistakes."

"And then what?"

"You wish your name to go down to posterity?" put in Henry, eagerly.

The Chief looked puzzled and Rusty remarked, "Say, boy, I ain't taught him woids like that. Why don't you speak plain English?"

"You wish always to be remembered as the greatest Chief who has ever ruled over Thahabu?" demanded Megan.

"Yep. Haven't I planned the biggest religious showdown ever known in Sacred Valley? You folk will be remembered, too," he added, generously.

"You know, Chief, that not long ago we spoke of letting your people vote. In all the great countries over which white men rule, in any matter of great importance to the people they themselves decide upon it because they are free."

"My folk, also, are free." The Chief prided himself on this point. "There are no slaves in Thahabu. Every guy is equal."

"Have they all said that they're in favour of this sacrifice of human blood?"

The Chief looked surprised. "In favour of it? Why, if they don't sacrifice to Shetani, the Ju-ju will punish them . . . their crops won't flourish, their children will die . . . In favour of it? I can tell you, boy, that they're just tickled to death at the idea."

Megan was silent for a moment. The Mtangulizi were an unusual and highly intelligent tribe; but he had made a careful study of native psychology and knew that its strongest trait was deep-rooted superstition.

"Exactly. But if, after this sacrifice, the crops fail, and your people sicken and die . . . might they not murmur amongst themselves . . . blame you and say they are being punished on your account?"

"But they will not be punished. They will have the Ju-ju's blessing."

"You forget that the white man also has his Ju-jus. They are more powerful than all the Ju-jus in your temple. And if you act without the permission of the people in this case, they will visit the Sacred Valley with their wrath."

The Chief began to look uneasy. He turned to Rusty. "You never gave me the lowdown on this, Boss."

"He's right, sure enough, Chief. Aw, why not

(*please turn to page* 17)

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

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"I have improved in every way. Chest (normal) gained 2¼ in., expanded 3 in., height gained 2 in., forearm gained 1 in."—T. S. L., Co. Durham.

CHARLES ATLAS

A recent photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner and holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Not a studio picture, but a simple enlargement made from an ordinary snapshot. No muscles are "painted on" or retouched in any way. This is Charles Atlas as he looks to-day!

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M & C

give the idea a chance? And your folk will be tickled to death at the idea of voting. Might mean putting off the ceremony for a bit," Rusty added cautiously, "but where's the hurry, anyway?"

The Chief rose to his feet and paced up and down, his hands behind his back, deep in thought. The others watched him, tense with anxiety. At last he spoke.

"Okay. We can all be in on this."

So much did this sound like a reprieve that Netta, now that the tension was over, was on the verge of fainting. She was supported by Elizabeth who murmured encouragingly, in a low, husky whisper, "Keep your pecker up, 'm. I gottern' ideer that we ain't out of the wood yet.

Elizabeth's words were prophetic. For the Chief's next remark dashed their hopes again.

"There's three days yet. I guess that gives us time to get the voting over."

"Surely that's impossible," said Henry. "There should be meetings . . . er . . . addresses. The people must understand their responsibility."

"It won't take them long to make up their minds—as for the meetings—they can start right now." He turned to Henry. "The last time we had a talk together, you told me a whole lot about this voting stunt. Seems kinda crazy to me. But I reckon it won't take me long to tell my folk they've got to vote the way I want them to."

"That ain't true voting," said Rusty. "You gotta let them think for themselves. Anyways, you won't know how they're voting. You gotta play fair, Chief."

The Chief pondered again for some moments, and then his face lit up. "Gee, I got an idea. Listen, folk. We'll get on to this voting business right now. Then we'll give out the result on the day of the ceremony."

"But supposing the voting goes against the ceremony?" demanded Megan.

"Then I kinda guess there won't be one," said the Chief, with, however, a certain lack of conviction in his tones. "But I should worry."

"There don't seem no reason for you to worry about anything as far as I can see," said Elizabeth. "Wish I could say the same about meself."

The others exchanged disconsolate glances. They had won their point—but it didn't seem likely to bring them much advantage if the business of voting was not to delay the ceremony.

The Chief now seemed anxious to end the interview and confer with Rusty as to procedure.

"I'll put you wise," said Rusty, willingly enough.

"Okay. Then shoot." He turned to the others. "I guess that's all. I ain't got another moment to talk, you folk. You got your way about this voting business and it's going to take all of my time putting it through."

Silently, Netta, Elizabeth, Henry and Megan withdrew. They went to Rusty's bungalow to await his return and hear the result of his talk with the Chief. They waited for nearly two hours before he appeared. His freckled face looked more morose than usual.

"He's all het up about this idea; it might be some new sort of game, to hear him talk," he said, flinging himself into a rocker, and beginning to roll a cigarette. Rusty only rolled his own cigarettes when he had any thing on his mind. Recently he had acquired a stack of cigarettes of his own rolling.

"Who cares whether the people vote or not—if the whole business is going to be hurried up for the occasion of our dispatch?" said Henry. "My idea was to play for time."

"It doesn't take long to pass an idea along in this little valley. They gotta system of their own for spreading news that beats us civilised folk to a frazzle," explained Rusty. "But there's just one good point about this affair. The Chief isn't like the ordinary niggers in this. If he gives his word, you can bet your last dime that he'll keep it. And that's something."

Megan lifted his head sharply; then jumping to his feet strode up to the door.

"Do you hear that?" he exclaimed excitedly. "They've stopped the drums."

"I don't know 'ow anyone *can* 'ear somethink that's stopped," commented Elizabeth drily.

Megan ignored this interruption. "I didn't like to tell you before, but I know these African tribes. When I was awakened in the night by the sound of the drums, I confess I felt my number was up. But now they've so unaccountably stopped——"

"Don't reckon on that, buddy. They've stopped because the Chief is circulating his news. But about this voting. I gotta swell idea." Rusty began to roll a cigarette quite fiercely. "Mightn't work, though."

"You're a nice one to have ideers," said Elizabeth. "Don't seem to have no faith in yourself. Well, I got an ideer, too. And it's nothink to do with votin', see. Bet I pull off my ideer better'n yours."

"Sez you."

"You'll see." She tossed her head.

"Here's hoping."

"I do more than hope when *I* get a good ideer. *Some* people——"

"Elizabeth!" Netta threw a warning glance at her. Admittedly Rusty and Elizabeth never seemed to agree about anything, but it would be bad policy to antagonise him just now when they were in such urgent need of an ally.

Rusty shrugged his shoulders and rose. "Come on, you folk. Let's have a game of poker. Takes your mind off your troubles." It had always been Rusty's custom to carry a pack of cards about with him, and the greasy pack he now produced had been in his pocket when his plane crashed in the Sacred Valley.

Elizabeth took no part in the subsequent game. To her mind there was something vaguely immoral about poker; it suggested cheating and sharp practice even when, as at present, the players had no money and used improvised counters. She was apt to say that she liked a game of rummy at times, or even nap. But to play at cards just as if nothing was happening, and when you never knew if the next hour would be your last seemed to Elizabeth, unnatural—if not scandalous.

The others, however, were glad of any sort of distraction from their troubled thoughts. Until the day fixed for the sacrificial ceremony when the result of the vote would be known, they could do nothing. Meanwhile, the excitement in the valley was intense. Rusty himself addressed gatherings of the natives, telling them, in queer, laconic phrases, how necessary it was to vote according to their own ideas, and in such a way that the mighty Ju-jus of the white tribes would not be offended and visit them with their wrath. He hoped this hint of coercion would not reach the Chief's ears, at the same time doubting if any words of his could turn them from the prospect of the wild, abandoned celebration they anticipated.

Rusty himself made the arrangement about the voting papers. This crude paper the intelligent natives had learnt to make from the sedges which grew in great profusion on the lower banks of the river. They employed the ancient Egyptian method of taking out the pith of the stem, cutting it in strips and moulding it together while still wet. Megan declared that this proved the Egyptian strain in them, since this knowledge had been handed down, as well as an obviously inherited love of drawing. They also made rough but serviceable pencils by mixing graphite and clay. Rusty gave the order that a large quantity of the paper be brought to him in order to cut it up for the voting papers. The balloting was to take place in the great Hall with its natural arched roof, and niches in the walls which held symbolical gold images, and was to be under the strict supervision of the Chief himself.

Massive boxes of gold and ivory stood in the centre of the hall. Each person received his slip of paper at the door and passed into a curtained alcove to make his sign in secret. They had been instructed to make a cross if they were in favour of the sacrificial ceremony which involved the shedding of human blood; if they were against it, they were to leave the slip blank.

When the day arrived, Elizabeth, with Netta, Henry, and Megan, were invited to watch the voting.

"Fair gives me the creeps to think of it," Elizabeth remarked, watching the steady stream of serious-faced, olive-skinned natives passing before the Chief and then depositing in the boxes the slips of paper that might mean a death warrant to the unfortunate group of people seated on the right of the Chief. Evidently the natives seemed to regard the voting as part of the religious ceremony, and a set, fanatical look was in their eyes. "Just as if they're out for blood, the vampires," murmured Elizabeth to Netta.

When the last vote had been recorded, Rusty, with a ceremonial air, went up to the Chief.

"We will count the ballot papers in your presence," Chief," he said solemnly. "Those with a cross shall be placed in this box, the blanks in the other——"

"I reckon there won't be many blanks," said the Chief with a chuckle.

He beamed affably on Rusty. It pleased him that he was following a custom of the white man; also it added to the importance of the ceremony that was to take place later, for he had no doubt in his mind as to how his people would vote.

So anxious was he to see the papers, that he pressed forward as soon as Rusty opened the first large box and took out a handful of the small folded slips and examined them. As he did so his face expressed bewilderment and then alarm. He seized another handful of the slips and another. Then he gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Say, what the hell! What does this mean?"

Rusty, who had also been unfolding the slips, lifted his head and looked him steadily in the eye.

"I guess it means, Chief, that the voting's been all one way—every durned paper I've seen so far is blank."

The Chief's olive-skinned face turned a curiously sickly pallor. Rusty knew that he read in this mystic significance. His people had voted unanimously—of that he was certain—in favour of the ceremony taking place that evening. But the powerful Ju-jus of the white man had willed it otherwise and obliterated the crosses on the slips. Even as he stood, nonplussed and trembling, there came, from behind the closed doors, the murmuring of many voices that gradually grew louder and more excited. Suddenly the great doors were flung open. A small band of men, headed by Amuri, the chief priest of the Ju-ju Temple, surged into the hall. Amuri addressed the Chief rapidly in their own language. The Chief showed the utmost consternation.

Megan, who was able to catch the drift of their conversation, for he had made a study of native dialects, said in a low voice:

"Shetani, the sacred Ju-ju, for whom that pleasant festival this evening was intended, is missing from the temple. It seems to have put the wind up the Chief."

Indeed, the Chief was trembling so violently that it was some moments before he was able to compose himself to speak. Then he turned to Rusty.

"I guess the white man's Ju-jus ain't too pleased with us; we must not offend them."

"Yep," assented Rusty. "I take it they don't want no ceremony?"

"A ceremony there will be—but not this evening. . . . I must talk to my folk out there."

"That about lets us orf for a time" said Elizabeth, as she followed the Chief out of the hall.

"I flatter myself I got you folk out of a tight corner," remarked Rusty, some hours later, rocking himself to and fro complacently in his bungalow where a minor celebration was taking place. "P'raps you wondered why there were no crosses on the voting slips . . . Oh boy, that was just one good idea. I'd found out that by treating the paper with citron juice and leaving it very slightly moist it deleted the mark of the kind of pencil these guys use. Yep, in less than an hour those crosses had faded completely.

"What a brilliant inspiration!" exclaimed Henry.

"Yeah! I'll say it was."

"You saved us at the eleventh hour," said Netta with emotion. "You're marvellous."

"That's O.K. by me," said Rusty in a lordly, condescending manner.

A snort from Elizabeth made them all turn and look at her.

"Crosses or no crosses, them natives didn't mean to put off to-night's do . . . they was too much worked up about it. I bin torkin' to them an' I know. Well, I ses to myself, I ses, they can't make a sacrifice to their blessed Sacred Ju-ju if it ain't there. That's w'y I 'id in the Ju-ju Temple orl night. *It was me 'oo stole the Ju-ju.*"

A ripple of excitement ran through them all. Then Megan sprang to his feet.

"Why, Elizabeth, that was a master-stroke. You're a genius!"

Elizabeth gave a lordly condescending wave of the hand. "That's O.K. by me," she said: and behind Rusty's back she winked broadly.

THE BRACELET OF FIRE!

Wearing the chief's massive gold bracelet bearing the sign of the three-tongued flame, the crafty Mzingu set out to search for the tribe's missing sacred Ju-Ju, in **"THE HIDING PLACE" by FLORENCE KILPATRICK**

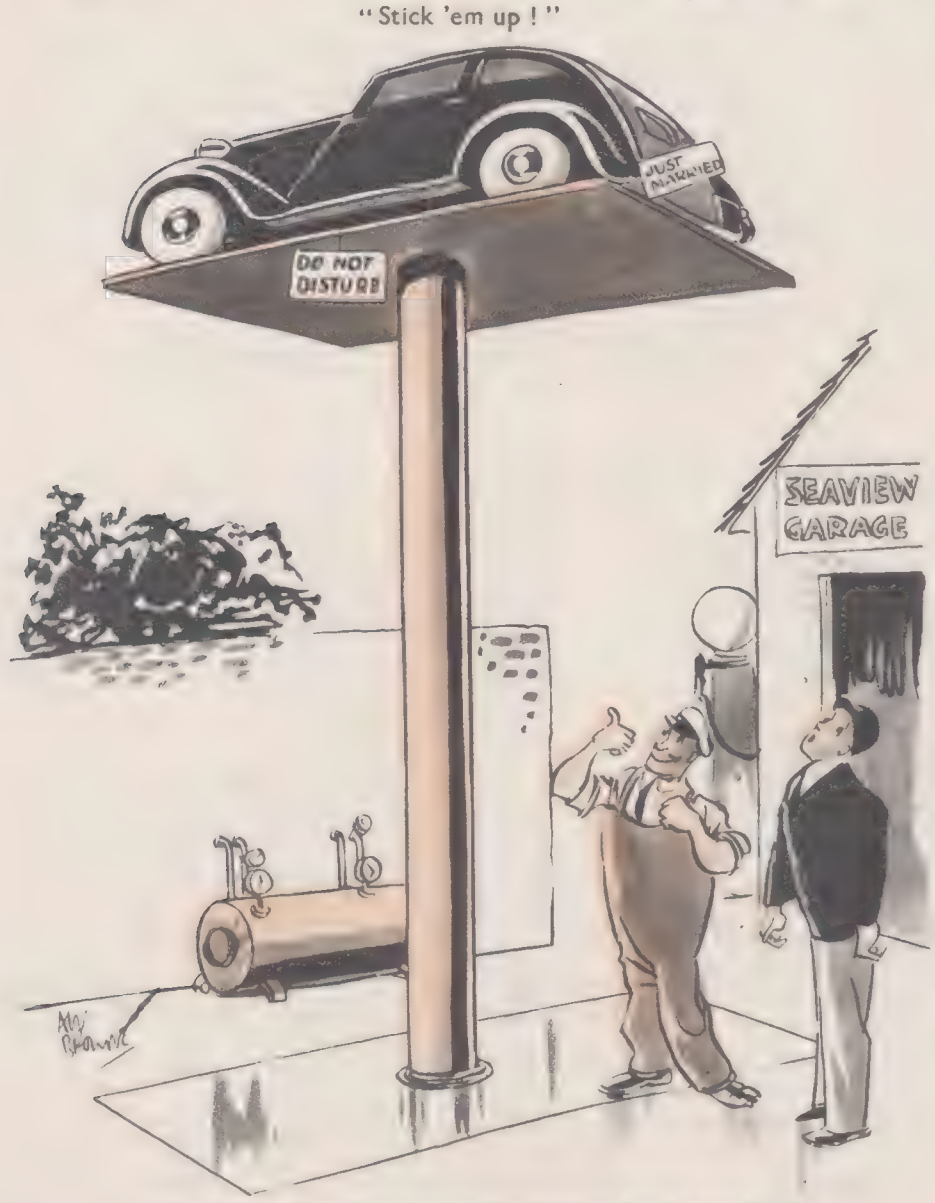
NEXT WEEK

Laugh

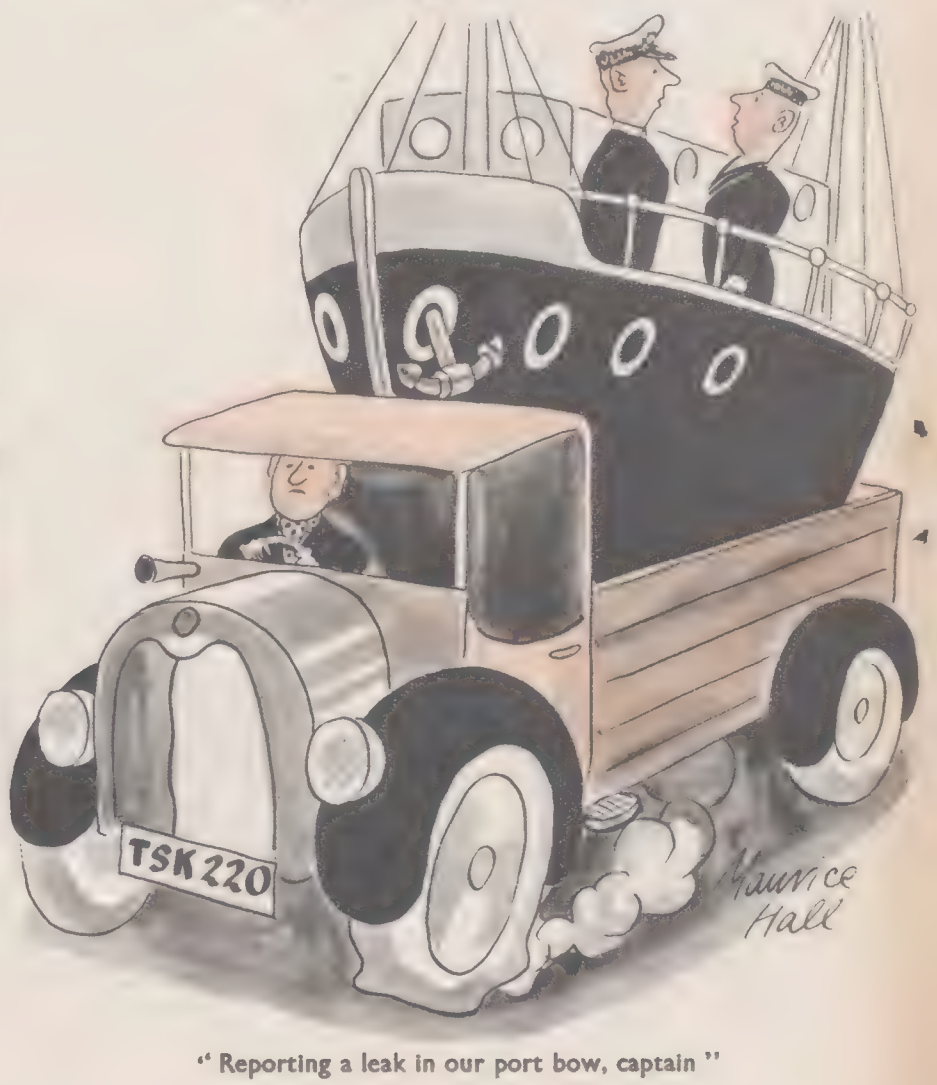
The "PASSING SHOW

"Stick 'em up!"

"Hadn't you better give her back her cub?"



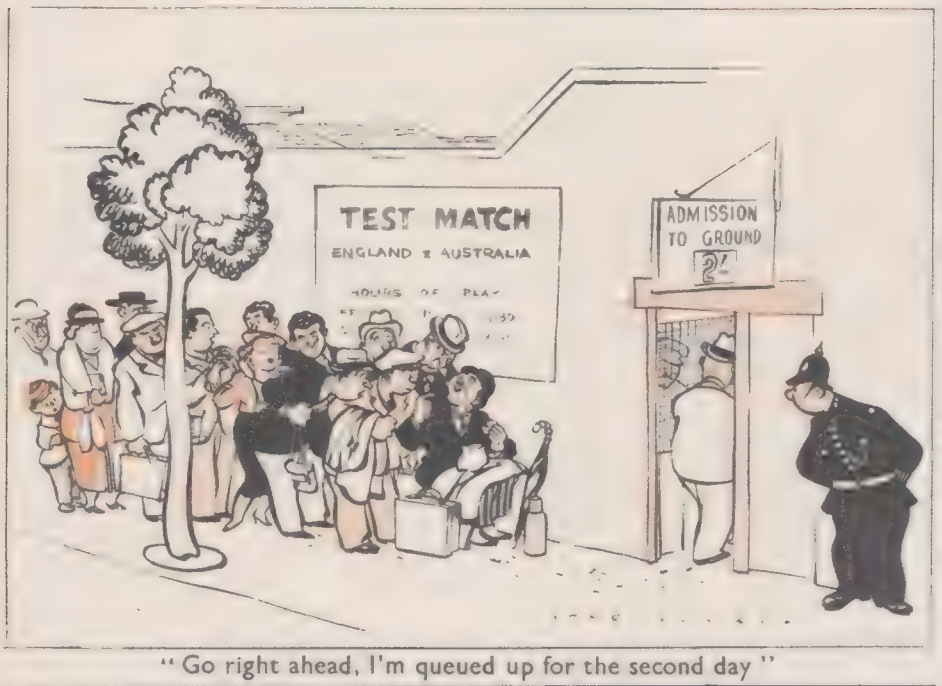
"They're on their honeymoon and all the hotels are full"



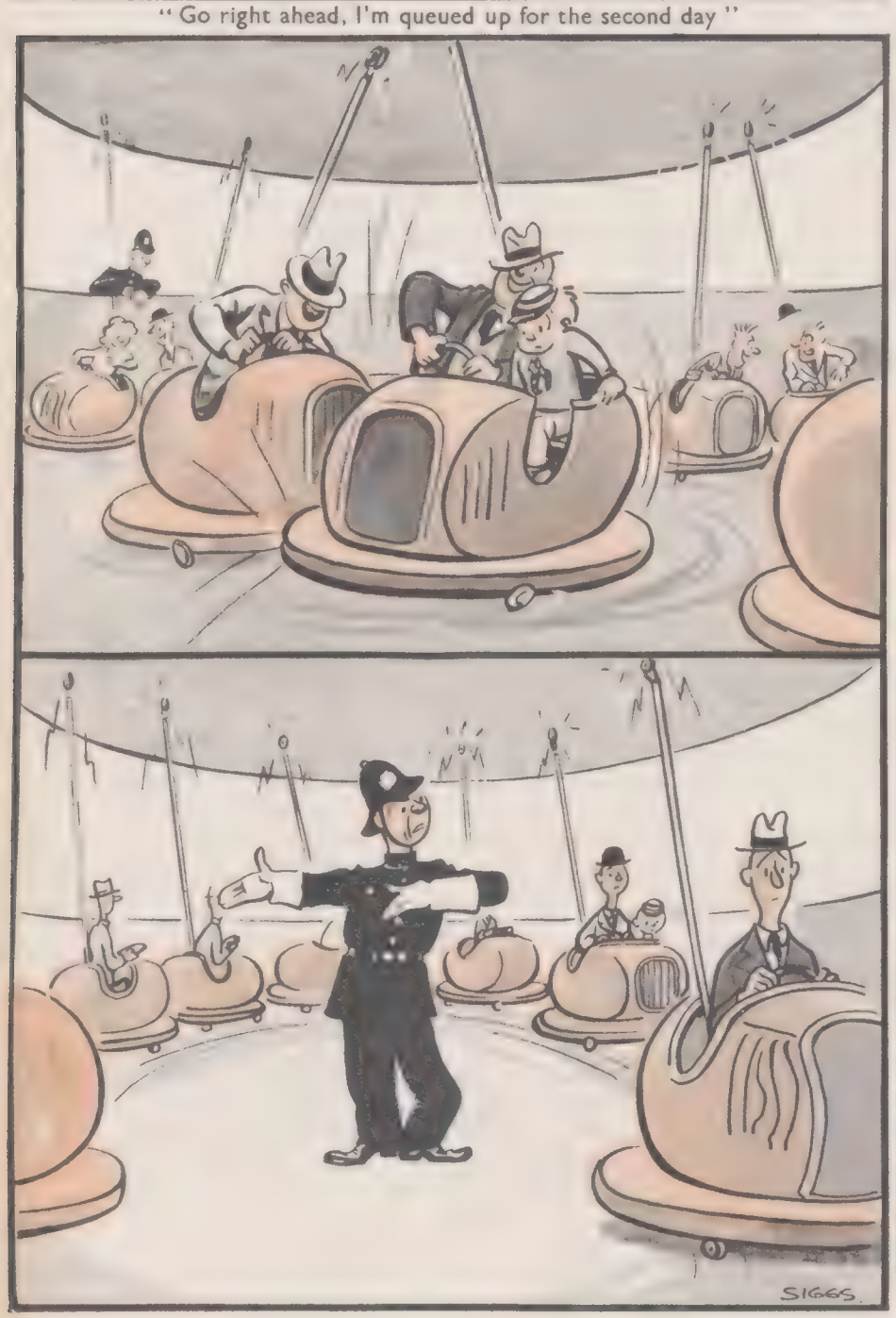
"Reporting a leak in our port bow, captain"

olkier

W" Smile Section



"Go right ahead, I'm queued up for the second day"



"Just to show you I'm sorry I'll take a dozen oranges"

"I'm his secretary-valet and I always have to make up his mind for him"

A MAN AND A FORECAST

by A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I can heartily recommend this special suit for fully bearded gentlemen. The saving on material allows us to sell at a specially low price."—*Lustige Blätter, Berlin.*

"Our friend Warner does not seem to be doing very well. Only half way through the month and he has no money left."

"What—did he want to borrow?"

"No, I wanted him to lend me a pound."

Merry Mag, Madras.

Mistress: "Mary, why did you put two hot-water bottles in my bed?"

New maid: "One is leaking, madam."

—*Die Woche im Bild, Olten.*

"The irony of fate is often hard to bear. Have you suffered from it?"

"Rather! I was recently stranded in a small town and wired for £50 to be sent me by wire. Unluckily I had no identification papers on me. The only person who could establish my identity was a local resident to whom I owed £60."

—*Die Grune Post, Berlin.*

"Yesterday I made a mistake and took soap-flakes instead of rolled oats to make the porridge."

"What did your husband say?"

"My dear, he foamed at the mouth."

—*Hus og Hjem, Copenhagen.*

CASH SUBTRACTIONS

CAMEO STORY

by

FRANK BOYCE

MONEY was uppermost in the vicar's mind, otherwise he might not have attached so much importance to the incident.

A dapper young man in grey was barely two yards behind him when, from the corner of his eyes, he saw Ethel swoop down and pick up something from the fair-ground. Then she walked swiftly away.

The vicar liked Ethel; she was a promising girl, of a party he had brought from laundries and workrooms to the sea for a day's outing.

The weather had been unkind. A cold wind had swept the promenade and the band enclosure. The party had drifted to the amusement park and he had taken alternate groups of them upon the dodge-'em cars, the roundabouts and the switchbacks. In ninety minutes, he had spent thirty shillings.

The ten pounds that he usually carried when travelling was for use in case of accidents, not to spend.

Thirty shillings was far too much. He had tucked away the remaining eight pounds ten shillings into the wallet, returned it to his pocket with apprehension, and a resolution to gather his own pleasure from the smiling faces of his party. What struck him as being significant, however, was that if he hadn't stopped to consider his position, he would not have seen Ethel pick up something that did not belong to her.

He followed the girl to the stall. She was up in the corner examining something furtively. When he touched her on the shoulder, she turned her bold, brown eyes to his resentfully, he thought, and held her find behind her. Then she transferred it to her bag.

The vicar smiled benevolently and shouted above the noise of the roundabouts and the chatter of the pleasure seekers:

"Ethel, may I speak to you?"

She seemed half inclined to refuse, but at his word "Come!" followed him to a seat at the fringe of the fair-ground, near the sea.

"Ethel, did you pick up something belonging to that young man in grey?"

She blushed and sat silently looking straight ahead.

"I hope you'll give it back to him."

"Why should I? He dropped it." She held her bag determinedly.

"It would be the Christian thing to do wouldn't it?"

"I expect he came here to spend it. If I don't have it somebody else will. There's no difference."

"There's a great deal of difference, Ethel. That young man has probably been saving up since last year to come here. The money he dropped may be all he has to take him through a short holiday. How would you like that to happen to you? Wouldn't you like to spend your money in your own way? You know that you are stealing?"

"It isn't fair," tears of chagrin shone in her eyes. "I never have the chance of getting a bit of extra money."

"You will get far more happiness from doing the right thing than you will from spending that money."

"Oh! all right, sir."

"Look! He is over by the electric boats. Go and put it right." She stood up. "That's a good girl, Ethel." She walked reluctantly over to the grey figure.

The vicar had triumphed. He saw her speak to him. He saw the young man's look of alarm, his hand fly to his hip pocket, his gestures of gratitude when she handed over the lost property. He saw him open the wallet, take out a note and press it on Ethel who, with commendable hesitation, took it. He smiled as he saw them shaking hands, the young man vanishing into the crowd and Ethel coming back to the seat beaming:

"He gave me a ten-shilling note, sir."

"There! Isn't that much better? Everybody's happy and you're better off. You will be able to spend *that* money with a clear conscience."

"Thank you sir. I think I'm glad you saw me."

"So am I, and I'll give you ten shillings myself."

The vicar put his right hand into his pocket, and his left into the other. The smile froze on his face. He tried his hip pocket and, almost frantically, the rest:

"Wh—what was that wallet like, Ethel?"

"A small brown one that folds the notes in half. Room for stamps, too."

"How much was there in it?"

"Eight pounds ten, sir."

Concluding

A COCKNEY IN THE COUNTRY

BY RALPH MICHAELIS

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

"It happened to a girl I was at school with, poor lamb. First she ran off with her mother's chauffeur and then she had a succession of affaires"

"He broke into the tent and sat on me," she shrieked"

WHEN Winifred first caught sight of the cottage she said it was "just too, too divine. Just like a Christmas card, with its dear little twin windows under the thatch, and a plume of smoke at the chimney," she said. "What a pity you couldn't have arranged to have some snow for me."

We said we should be delighted to provide some in about six months' time; but that we were not expecting any at the moment.

She ran around giving little gurgles of delight at everything she saw. The olde beams, pickled in floor stain by our landlord to make them look even olde-er, were "just too ravishing," and our obstinate, stinking paraffin stoves were "just too sweet."

She popped her inquiring little head into the bread oven, and came out covered with cobwebs.

"Just fancy the dear things making their own bread here. I think it's too marvellously romantic," she said.

She was rather taken aback when I found that we had run out of water, and had to tell her that it would be at least half an hour before she could have a wash—as water takes twenty minutes to draw at the well and the kettle requires nearly a quarter of an hour to boil.

Then she changed into a Bulgarian peasant costume, lavishly embroidered and over-capacious about the bosom, which had evidently been modelled on Bulgarian lines.

With this she wore, rather surprisingly, sandals without stockings, and toe-nails that looked as if they had been varnished with black boot polish.

"I always think that one feels more in harmony with one's environment if one dresses the part," she told us.

We refrained from telling her that in these parts ten shillings judicially spent would bring her much more in harmony with local fashions than anything from Bulgaria.

She then suggested that she should sleep in the tent.

We objected that she would not be able to sleep on a camp bed, but she knew better.

"They're perfectly divine. I slept on one after a studio party—and when I woke up it was the night after to-morrow, and they'd started another party."

So we laid out her beauty preparations and mirrors together with an electric torch—one could hardly expect her to make herself up for the night by candle light—and left her to it.

We had hardly reached the cottage door when we were recalled by a piercing scream.

She had found an earwig on her pillow.

"They wait till you're asleep you know, and then crawl down your earholes into your brain, and you go mad," she informed us. "It happened to a girl I was at school with, poor lamb. First she ran off with her mother's chauffeur, and then she had a succession of *affaires* with the most *impossible* people, my dears—and, just think of it, all because of a teeny-weeny little earwig."

Naturally we did not wish to have any similar catastrophe on our consciences where Winifred was concerned. So we plugged her ears with cotton wool, and she composed herself to rest with the calm, immaculate air of a Botticelli Madonna.

An hour later we were awakened by Winifred yelling murder, and hammering on the cottage door, while a low rumbling male voice in the background appeared to be trying to soothe her.

Winifred kept banging on the cottage door until we got downstairs, though all she had to do was to lift the latch and push it open, if she wanted to come in.

"He broke into the tent and sat on me," she shrieked.

In the moonlight I recognised the culprit coming down the path as one of the number of acquaintances whom I had now and again invited to sleep in the tent, a habit surviving from more convivial days when I had a flat in Fleet Street.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir," he said, his voice husky with beer and emotion. "I hope I didn't hurt the young lady. Of course I'd no idea until I sat down on the bed to take my boots off, that there was anyone there. And seeing that it was late, and I'd got a puncture, sir, and seeing that you was so kind when I'd got a puncture before to allow me to sleep here, I just——"

"Oh—send him away!" screamed Winifred. "I think it's just too degrading."

We got her tucked up in bed indoors, and an hour later she was bawling the house down.

"I always think that one feels more in harmony with one's environment if one dresses the part," she told us

"There's a wild animal prowling round the house, I'm sure it's a wolf," she declared. "And there's a man tramping about on the roof. We're besieged I tell you, we're besieged."

We begged her not to get hysterical.

"The snuffling you hear is not on our doorstep, but emanates from Farmer Belcher's cows," we explained; "at least 300 yards away down the next meadow. Your town ears exaggerate these country noises until they become attuned to them.

"What you can hear up top is only the birds fluttering about in the thatch, because you, my dear Winifred, are kicking up so much row that they can't get to sleep."

"Oh, but I'm terrified," said Winifred. "I've been hearing all sorts of other noises, too. I'm sure the place is haunted. I feel that there have been dreadful deeds done under this roof."

Fay stopped yawning and gave Winifred some sisterly advice that apparently calmed her, for we heard no more of her that night.

Even our obstinate, stinking paraffin stoves were "just too sweet."

A Cockney in the Country
by
RALPH MICHAELIS
will appear shortly in book form

GENTLEMEN'S DISAGREEMENT

Mr. Belvedere Tipp went to work on Mr. Nugget with a determination not usually shown by the head of Delicate Missions, Ltd., and the result was certainly surprising

BY A. R. V. NELSON-SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY DEWAR MILLS

NOT many of Belvedere Tipp's clients arrived so early in the morning as Mr. Trusspot. Belvedere Tipp regarded his visitor with cold politeness. In his long experience as butler to half the noble families of the land, before he founded the unique firm of Delicate Missions, Limited, with a legacy from his last employer, Belvedere Tipp had met many young men of Mr. Trusspot's type.

Mr. Trusspot was not noticeably affected by the decorous atmosphere in which he found himself.

"You get people out of jams, don't you?" he inquired, making himself comfortable in the big, old-fashioned armchair and glancing curiously around the discreetly curtained inner sanctum as he lit a cigarette, "Well, I've got a stumer for you!"

Belvedere Tipp, who never smoked before he had dealt with the morning's post, opened the window ostentatiously. "It has been my privilege," he admitted, "to solve the problems of many eminent persons."

"Good!" grinned Mr. Trusspot, "My cousin, Bertie Woolit, said you'd get anyone out of anything."

"Lord Sheepshear's second son, sir?" There was a new note of respect in Belvedere Tipp's voice. "Pray proceed, sir," he said, "but kindly be as brief as possible."

"Okay," said Mr. Trusspot, with the patronising satisfaction of a man who thinks he has scored off an uppish tradesman. "It's like this. Stop me if there's anything you don't follow. You know Niggleheimers'?"

"The bankers, sir?"

"No. The canned fruit people. You know—'An orchard in every tin.' Well, I'm one of their salesmen," said Mr. Trusspot, importantly. "Joined them yesterday."

"Indeed?" observed Belvedere Tipp, politely, with an eye on the stack of letters on his desk.

Mr. Trusspot seemed a trifle dashed. "It takes a bit of getting on their staff, I can tell you," he said. "They're devilish big people. That's why I don't want to get the bird."

"Do I understand, sir," asked Belvedere Tipp, in shocked accents, "that you are in danger of being dismissed already?"

"Well, it's like this," said Mr. Trusspot, easily, "all their salesmen have cars. But the cars belong to the firm and we're not supposed to use them out of business hours. In fact, it's a strict rule that if a salesman uses one of the firm's cars privately, without permission, he's for the high jump."

"A very sound rule, sir, if I may so so!"

"You would!" muttered Mr. Trusspot, irritably. "Well, everybody does borrow them. And I've been unlucky."

Belvedere Tipp meditatively passed his hand over the few remaining hairs on his slightly egg-shaped head. "Am I to gather, sir," he frowned, "that on your first day with the firm you misused one of their cars in this manner?" To Belvedere Tipp Mr. Trusspot's nod of agreement appeared less nonchalant than its owner imagined. "And you have been discovered, sir?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Trusspot, gloomily, "but I've had an accident."

Belvedere Tipp grunted. His whole portly, black-coated and striped-trousered figure radiated disapproval. "Pray proceed," he said stiffly.

"Well, you know Upstock Hill!" said Mr. Trusspot, as though that completely absolved him from any blame in the matter. "I was calling for—for somebody, and while I was fetching them I left the car parked outside. I couldn't have put the brake on properly—or, more likely, it wasn't holding as it should have done. Anyway, when we came out, the darn thing had run into a Rolls-Royce that was standing outside that new block of offices at the corner."

"Most unfortunate," commented Belvedere Tipp. "Was the damage serious?"

"There wasn't any. Not to the cars, anyhow. It only ran a few yards and bumped. But there was a fat old, top-hatted buffer standing by them, kicking up hell's delight." Mr. Trusspot chortled at the memory. "Seems his wife was just getting out of the Rolls when my old tub went into it. The shock gave her hysterics and she dropped a fur coat she was carrying into the mud and somehow it got mixed up with the wheels."

"The ladies," observed Belvedere Tipp, sententiously, "*are* apt to lose their heads on such occasions. I gather that the gentleman demanded that you should make good the damage to the coat?"

"You gather right. I offered him a fiver on the spot. Lord! You ought to have seen him! He nearly went cuckoo! How much do you think he wanted?" Mr. Trusspot's voice rose indignantly. "Two hundred quid!" he cried, "*I* should say so!"

"I should imagine, sir, that the insurance company may be relied upon to see that the claim is not exaggerated."

Mr. Trusspot went all glum. "That's just the snag," he said, "The firm insures the cars. I can't make a claim; they have to do it. And they can't do it without knowing about the accident. And they can't know about that without knowing that I . . ."

"I see," murmured Belvedere Tipp, not without satisfaction. "Oh, what a tangled web, sir, we weave, when first we practise to deceive. I take it that the gentleman was adamant about the amount of his claim?"

"Adamant! That's not what I'd call it! I tried everything I knew. Told him it wasn't my car; said I'd get the push if the boss found out, and all the rest of it. He said he didn't care a damn; all he wanted was his two hundred quid and if I didn't give him satisfaction by to-day he'd damn well see that I did get the push."

"But you didn't tell him, sir, that you were employed by Niggleheimers'?"

"Not I! I gave him my own name and address. But he's got the number of the car."

"So that if you—er—abscond, sir, all he has to do is to make inquiries . . ."

"*And* he will!" exclaimed Mr. Trusspot, ruefully. "That's just what you've got to stop him doing—or else I'm sunk!"

"You are of the opinion, sir, that this gentleman has exaggerated his claim, knowing that you dare not let him inform your employers?" Belvedere Tipp thoughtfully jingled the massive gold watch chain presented to him by the third Viscount Turret. "In the event" he said slowly, "of my being able to effect a compromise on your behalf with the gentleman, what sum would you be prepared to pay?"

"Twenty quid," said Mr. Trusspot, without hesitation, "That's the absolute limit. But you ought to get him down lower than that if you're clever . . ."

Belvedere Tipp looked at him as a well-bred mastiff might look at a yapping mongrel. "My dear sir," he said, "I do not propose to engage in vulgar bargaining! I take it that you would be willing to deposit that sum with me now?"

"Here, I say!" protested Mr. Trusspot, "What guarantee have I got that you——?"

Belvedere Tipp was already on his feet. "Then I regret, sir," he said, "that I cannot consider your little problem any further."

Mr. Trusspot had the salesman's instinct for knowing when the other man was on top. He pulled out his notecase and threw the money on the desk with unconcealed annoyance.

"All right," he grumbled, "Take it! It's all I've got."

Belvedere Tipp counted the notes carefully. "It so happens, sir," he murmured, "that I have a free day in between two very important matters. So I will accept your case."

"Okay," said Mr. Trusspot, with the air of a man half sorry at buying something he cannot afford, "Now I've got to be off. I haven't been to the office yet. I'll come back to-night to find out what you've done."

"Very well, sir," said Belvedere Tipp, handing him his receipt, "I have evolved a plan. You may leave the matter in my hands with complete confidence. Good day to *you*, sir."

It was Belvedere Tipp's usual custom to take his clients into his confidence and often to enlist their co-operation. But his plan was likely to be the stronger for Mr. Trusspot's not being aware of it and, in any case, since he obviously had to be kept in the background, co-operation was out of the question.

But when Miss Firkin, his spinsterly but impeccable secretary, entered with the enormous brass-bound ledger in which Belvedere Tipp entered the minutest details of all his cases, her chief was clearly ready for action.

"Your notebook, Miss Firkin," he ordered, "And please pay careful attention to your instructions.

Mr. Nugget was ready for him. "There!" he said dramatically, holding up his wife's coat. "Pulled it out of the dustbin"

You have an important part to play in this case."

As Miss Firkin's pencil scratched busily over the pages of her notebook, her demeanour underwent a gradual change from neutral interest to distasteful anticipation.

"Ready as I always am, Mr. Tipp," she said, when he had finished, "to carry out your instructions to the letter and without question, there are elements in this case, apart from the personal danger, which, I confess, do not appeal to me."

Belvedere Tipp's smile was expansive. Miss Firkin's objections seldom proved to be more than protests. "You over-rate the danger," he murmured, "All you have to do is to follow my instructions. Besides, *I* shall be there, Miss Firkin!"

Miss Firkin's lips set in a thin, straight line. "Very well, Mr. Tipp. Will there be anything else?"

"No, thank you, Miss Firkin. I must get to work immediately. I am not sure when I shall be back, but you might have some lunch sent in for me, in case I have time for it. A couple of ham sandwiches, a damson tart and—and——"

"A nice apple, Mr. Tipp?"

"A nice apple, Miss Firkin."

Before setting out, Belvedere Tipp consulted the slip of paper on which Mr. Trusspot had written the name and business address of the owner of the Rolls. But, for the moment, it was not his business address in which Belvedere Tipp was interested. After a search in the telephone directory, he thoughtfully dialled a number.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Nugget?" he inquired.

"Mrs. Nugget will not be in until this evening," he was informed.

He replaced the receiver with satisfaction and sent Miss Firkin for a taxi.

Mr. Nugget's private house was as imposing as its address. But the door was opened by a parlourmaid and not by a butler.

"I am a representative of the Colossal Insurance Company," said Belvedere Tipp, raising his hat and bowing politely, "I am making a few inquiries about a fur coat that Mrs. Nugget had the misfortune to damage in a motor accident."

"She's out," said the maid, "But *I* 'eard tell about it."

"Then I am sure," purred Belvedere Tipp, "that you won't mind answering a few questions?"

"I don't know as I ought . . ." began the girl. But Belvedere Tipp had a way with parlour maids. "Oh, all right," she giggled. "But you won't let on, will you?"

"You may rely entirely on my discretion," he assured her, "Now, this fur coat! I suppose it was very valuable. Worth a couple of hundred pounds, I daresay?"

"Two 'undred pounds!" cried the maid. "You can't kid me! All her things put together ain't worth that!"

Belvedere Tipp appeared dumbfounded. "But I thought Mr. Nugget was a very wealthy man," he exclaimed.

"Oh, he's wealthy, all right! Fair wallowing in it! But 'e's as mingy as anything where *she's* concerned. Why, she's 'ad that fur coat for years, and even now 'e's 'aving it cleaned up instead of buying 'er a new one." The girl sniffed, expressively. "I say," she demanded, eagerly, "'E ain't *claiming* two 'undred, is 'e?"

Belvedere Tipp became impassive. "I regret that I am not at liberty to disclose details of the claim," he said, "but I am most grateful to you for your assistance. There is just one other thing. I should like, if I may, to have a look at the car that was involved in the accident."

"Well, you can't," said the maid in disappointed tones. "'E always takes it with 'im to town and leaves it outside 'is office all day because 'e thinks it looks posh. 'E's too mean to 'ave a chauffeur, but it's cost 'im a mint in fines."

"Then," murmured Belvedere Tipp, with another courtly bow, "I do not think I need trouble you further. Good day to *you*!"

On his way to Mr. Nugget's office in Upstock Hill, Belvedere Tipp had the air of a man well satisfied with progress. He regaled himself for half an hour reading a selection of financial papers in a sombre waiting-room until Mr. Nugget was able to spare him a few moments in between dealing with, apparently, affairs of world importance.

Mean as he was where others were concerned, Mr. Nugget, like many men of his type, had no qualms about surrounding himself with the quintessence of luxury, on the ground that it created confidence in those with whom he had to deal. His magnificent padded chair, which he filled completely, in spite of his lack of inches, was rivalled only by a desk at which kings would have been proud to sit and which, in common with the desks of so many captains of industry, was devoid of papers or any other indication that it was ever defiled by work. And the carpet was so thick that even Belvedere Tipp's portly tread was hushed.

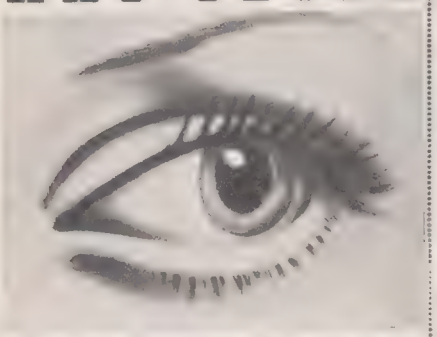
"Don't know you, do I?" jerked Mr. Nugget, examining Belvedere Tipp's card as though it were a museum specimen. "Give you five minutes. Sit down."

Belvedere Tipp gravely balanced his hat on his knees. "I have called," he said, "in connection with the unfortunate accident in which, I regret to say,

(*please turn over*)

SUN HEADACHES

HAY FEVER



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*

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*

my nephew, Mr. Trusspot was involved. The young man is in a very difficult position, sir. I understand that he has explained to you that it would not be politic for him to inform his employers and that, accordingly, there can be no question of claiming from the insurance company."

"More fool him!" rasped Mr. Nugget. "Not my affair."

"But my nephew, sir," pointed out Belvedere Tipp, gently, "is not in a position to meet your claim himself."

Mr. Nugget's piggy eyes gleamed. "So he went to you," he said. "Got your cheque?"

"Cheque?" echoed Belvedere Tipp, as though the word were new to him.

"Can't waste time arguing," snapped Mr. Nugget. "Generous of me to wait till now."

"But, surely, sir, you wouldn't wreck the young man's career by informing his employers?"

Mr. Nugget pressed a podgy thumb vigorously on his virgin blotting pad and thrust his head forward aggressively. "I've got a claim," he pronounced, "and I'm going to get justice."

Belvedere Tipp appeared deep in contemplation. "I have been considering ways and means of helping my nephew," he said at last. "It seems that I have no alternative but to come to his financial aid in this matter."

"That's talking," declared Mr. Nugget. "Two hundred down and I'll say no more about it."

But Belvedere Tipp did not produce his cheque book. "That, sir," he said, doubtfully, "is a large amount."

"Large!" Mr. Nugget quivered with scornful indignation. "The coat's ruined. And it cost me five hundred only last year!"

Belvedere Tipp sighed. "Most unfortunate," he said, "but I seem to have little choice in the matter. There is just one thing, sir. I take it you would have no objection to letting me see the damaged coat? Purely a matter of form, of course!"

Mr. Nugget took several rapid puffs at his cigar. "Thrown away," he said, tersely. "Falling to bits."

"Dear me," murmured Belvedere Tipp. "I am afraid, sir, that rather complicates matters. You see, sir, I believe I am right in saying that legally the salvage belongs to me."

"Not worth a penny," Mr. Nugget assured him.

"Nevertheless, sir, I feel that I ought to satisfy myself—still as a matter of form—that the coat is as badly damaged as it appeared to be."

"My word," said Mr. Nugget, with dignity, "is accepted in five continents."

"I think, sir," murmured Belvedere Tipp, "that if *I* were not considering paying your claim, the insurance company would insist upon seeing the coat."

Mr. Nugget was plainly nettled. He glared at Belvedere Tipp with opulent annoyance. But the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, had, with his customary suavity, unobtrusively changed from an anxious suppliant to a man calmly, but clearly in command of the situation.

"All right," conceded Mr. Nugget, ungraciously, "See what I can do. Gave it to a servant to throw away. Just a chance she hung on to it. They hang on to any old rags. Come back to-morrow."

"This evening, sir, if you don't mind," said Belvedere Tipp, firmly, "I am going away to-morrow for some little time. Perhaps, sir, you could send for it. . . ."

Mr. Nugget's urgent consideration was cut short by the telephone bell. "All right," he barked, "Have it your own way. Six o'clock. And bring your cheque book!"

Belvedere Tipp bowed himself out. If Mr. Nugget could have seen the satisfied air with which he left the premises, he would have viewed the outcome of his claim with considerably less optimism.

Before returning to the office, Belvedere Tipp went to the garage where he kept his sedate, not-too-new saloon car, normally used for the sole purpose of obtaining a breath of country air at fine week-ends. There were occasions, however, when it played an important part in his cases.

Miss Firkin was waiting for him when he drove up. "Mr. Trusspot's been on the telephone three times," she said, "but he wouldn't leave a message."

"If he telephones again," said Belvedere Tipp, carefully hanging up his hat, "you may tell him that I shall have solved his little problem within a very short time. Now, Miss Firkin, I shall be ready for you in half an hour."

Punctually to the minute Miss Firkin appeared at the door of the inner sanctum, carrying an old fur coat at which any self-respecting office cleaner would have turned up her nose.

"How much," asked Belvedere Tipp, fingering it gingerly, "would you say it cost when it was new?"

"I have ascertained," sniffed Miss Firkin, "that it was bought for four guineas."

"Excellent!" purred Belvedere Tipp, "Then let us proceed, Miss Firkin. We must not keep Mr. Nugget waiting."

Miss Firkin sat in the back of the car, with the coat placed determinedly at the other end of the seat. Belvedere Tipp hummed a little tune as they threaded their way through the traffic.

Mr. Nugget's Rolls was still majestically parked outside his office. Belvedere Tipp drove carefully past it, down the hill and pulled up a few yards in front.

"I trust, Mr. Tipp," said Miss Firkin, "that you have secured the brake firmly?"

Belvedere Tipp gave it an extra tug. "You need have no fear, Miss Firkin," he assured her, getting out and looking carefully up and down the street. The main thoroughfares at either end were thronged but Upstock Hill, avoided by most motorists on account of its gradient and providing no short cut for pedestrians, was practically deserted.

From her seat in the car Miss Firkin anxiously watched her chief stroll majestically to the corner, pause for a long moment and return with quicker steps.

"There is a policeman in sight," he told her. "Are you ready, Miss Firkin?"

"I am ready, Mr. Tipp!" There was a lot of the Early Christian martyr about Miss Firkin.

When the need arose, Belvedere Tipp could move with surprising agility. Almost before Miss Firkin had time to get out he had jumped into the Rolls and was driving it slowly down the hill towards his own car. When the bumpers were touching, he stopped.

"As soon as you see the policeman . . ." he warned, running into Mr. Nugget's building.

Mr. Nugget was ready for him. "There!" he said, dramatically, holding up his wife's coat, "Pulled it out of the dustbin."

It certainly was a sorry sight. In its present state, placed beside Miss Firkin's, it would have had difficulty in holding its own. But Belvedere Tipp was examining it with a critical eye.

"I do not dispute the damage, sir," he said, judiciously, "but I think I may claim to possess considerable knowledge of furs. And I can hardly credit, sir, that this coat was ever worth more than a few pounds."

"Oh, can't you!" said Mr. Nugget, nastily, "Well, you either pay up or else I'll. . ."

The rest of his speech was drowned by an ear-splitting scream from Miss Firkin. Both men rushed to the window.

"Your car, sir!" cried Belvedere Tipp, "It's run into mine!"

With Mr. Nugget purple and panting at his heels, he hurried down to the street. Miss Firkin had done her part nobly. The four guinea fur coat could not have been more thoroughly trampled into the mud if a squad of road-menders had dealt with it.

The policeman was just getting out of the Rolls. "Your brake was half off, sir," he told Mr. Nugget.

Mr. Nugget was nearly speechless. "It's—it's a lie," he managed to blurt out.

"I seen it with my own eyes," said the policeman. "Now, sir, I shall have to take some particulars. This lady says she intends to claim for her coat. . . ." He fumbled for his notebook.

Mr. Nugget shot a venomous glance at the bedraggled wreck in the gutter. "How much?" he hissed.

"Two hundred pounds," said Belvedere Tipp, pleasantly, "but my secretary would be prepared, if I may use the phrase, to call the matter quits."

Mr. Nugget hopped from one leg to the other in impotent rage. "I'll see you in hell first!" he howled.

"Very well, sir," said Belvedere Tipp, significantly. "In that case, you proceed with your claim against my nephew and my secretary will proceed with her claim against you. I fancy sir, that we shall still be quits."

Mr. Nugget glared at him murderously. "Come up to the office," he said, thickly.

Had Belvedere Tipp's opinion of Mr. Trusspot been higher, he would, after obtaining Mr. Nugget's wrathful renunciation of his claim in writing, have taken immediate steps to let that young man know that he had no further cause for worry. As it was, he decided to write to him, stating at the same time that he proposed to retain Mr. Trusspot's deposit as a fee.

But Mr. Trusspot was on the telephone next morning before the letter was even dictated. "I tried to get you three times yesterday," he complained, "You needn't carry on with that job for me. I'll call in to get the cash back. What . . . why . . . I say, that's a bit thick, you know! Oh, well, I suppose if you *did* fix it. . . ." His voice trailed away.

"I will send you an amended receipt," purred Belvedere Tipp. "And may I inquire, sir, why you changed your mind?"

"Oh, it was just bad luck," said Mr. Trusspot, as though speaking of a long dead and gone matter. "You know that car I borrowed? I thought it was a salesman's car. Well, it wasn't. It belonged to the manager and he had to walk home or something. So I got the sack, anyway. But it doesn't matter. I got another darn good job right away—selling fur coats."

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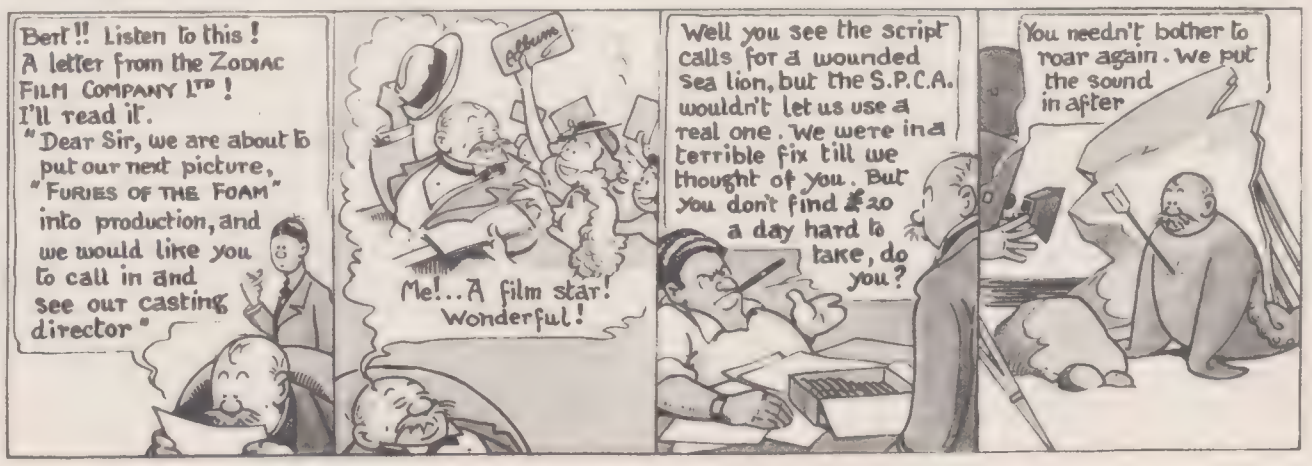

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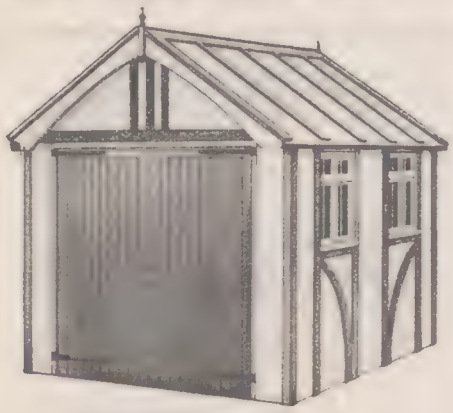

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7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	64/6	3/6 5/10
8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	82/6	4/- 7/6
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	87/6	4/6 7/11
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	133/6	5/- 12/2

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6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	75/-	5/- 6/10
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	82/6	6/- 7/6
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	92/6	7/3 8/5
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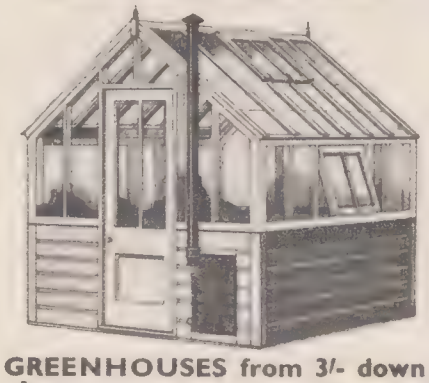

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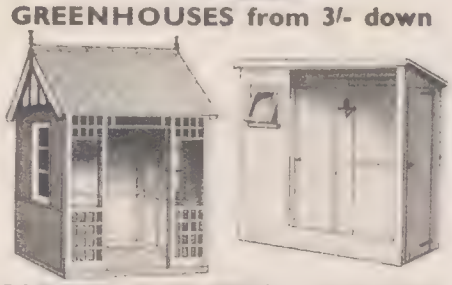

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OPTICAL CRAFTSMEN SINCE 1756

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

SWISS WEAR of GRACE

ROY CORDISH, of Hollywood, has one of the strangest jobs in existence. He makes spiders' webs for use on film sets. And as no horrific film is complete without an attic or cellar thick with gleaming, synthetic webs, Cordish, who was once a film carpenter, is very much in demand.

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and many another star have spent hours trying to take the sticky Cordish webs from their persons, for they stick to his work as much as he, himself, does.

Adapting the principle of the candy floss maker, Cordish made a machine that could produce spider-webs of a quality to satisfy the most exacting director. The "cob-webber" has a special trigger, to which an electric cable is attached, and in front of the trigger is a glass receptacle containing an adhesive fluid. A small fan with metal blades is on the end of the machine. The blades are detachable, so that various types may be used.

Pressure on the trigger causes the fan to rotate at great speed and starts the liquid flowing slowly. The sticky fluid is caught in the blades of the fan and is expelled as a thread-like, adhesive substance. By guiding that thread over the desired area, Cordish can spin his webs anywhere on the set.

The web's density may be increased by using a thicker fluid and narrower fan blades, and it can be made to any size.

Two to eight hours is the average time needed to make a web. In *Three Comrades* several corners of the machine shop run by Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young are webbed. The "human spider" applied six thousand feet of ordinary spider-web in two and a half hours.

For a set used in *Marie Antoinette* Cordish required thirty-six thousand feet of web to age properly the prison cell in which Norma Shearer, as the tragic queen, is imprisoned.

In *Yellow Jack* he worked an entire day to web the infested rooms of the yellow-fever patients. Sixty thousand feet of adhesive thread came from the web-making machine for that job.

Cordish has been making webs for fifteen years, so he could give most spiders a start and a beating.

★ The "wet-hair" problem I always think takes away half the pleasure of swimming. So often when you are on holiday you want your hair to look particularly nice in the evening when you go dancing, so when you go into the sea during the day you are afraid to go all out—or, rather, all in—but just hop about in a couple of feet of water.

I think I've tried most things in a vain effort to keep the sea from my hair, and I've caused plenty of amusement unpacking numerous caps from my beach-bag. I've bound my head in bandages until I looked like a street accident; I've tied myself up in silk hankies. And the result has always been the same—wet hair. I found the best thing to do was to twist a piece of chamois leather round my head—but that was apt to slip.

Now I've got a cap which I wear underneath my ordinary rubber helmet, which really does help to keep the water from getting at my hair. It is made of net and fits closely to the head, and round the edge is elastic. Right round the back, where the water always pours up behind my ears, is a band of chamois leather. This soaks up any water which may get in under my bathing cap.

Another good thing about this under-

cap is that it slips on and off so easily and doesn't ruffle the hair as a rubber one does. Two and elevenpence isn't much to pay for such comfort and you really can dive into the water without the prospect of emerging looking like a drowned rat, and spending the rest of the day curling up your hair for the party you are going to in the evening.

If you are interested and would like some more particulars of this cap, write to me, marking your envelope "Watertight," and I shall be pleased to let you have them.

★ At a cinema the other day I was on the point of leaving at the beginning of the organ recital when, as the lights went up, I saw the hat of a girl sitting in front of me.

Then I sat right down again to study it, for it was really cute and could be made in a moment for the price of three yards of ribbon.

The girl was dressed in a plain, rather dark grey dress, and her hat was made of three pieces of velvet ribbon, in grey, a soft deep rose and powder blue.

The grey ribbon was tied round her head with the knot and two ends in front. To the top of this ribbon the pink piece had been sewn as far as about two inches each side of the knot, and then tied rather more tightly than the grey one. Above the pink the blue was sewn on in the same way. This provided a solid back in the three colours, while in the front were three knots one above the other with the wearer's flaxen hair showing through the spaces between each bow.

I'm going to rake through those fascinating baskets of ribbon remnants and see if I can find three odd yard lengths, about an inch and a half to two inches wide, and I'm hoping I'll find just the colours I want for a few pence!

★ Many cooks prepare marrow in a way that makes it much more of a liquid than a solid. But here is a French recipe that will make marrow look and taste as it should.

You will need three very small marrows —the French never eat them when they are large—two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, one egg, and two ounces of grated cheese; and salt and pepper.

Peel the marrows and chop them. Put them in a saucepan with salt to taste and a very little water. Cook slowly, stirring all the time, until the water has entirely evaporated. Tip them into a fireproof dish, with the butter and cream, to which has been added the whole egg and the cheese, then season well with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese and put a few dabs of butter on top and cook in a brisk oven until the top is slightly browned.

★ I went to a party given by Madame Paravicini at the Swiss Legation, and I must tell you about some Swiss fashions which were shown by mannequins there.

These girls were wearing the cutest little Swiss jackets. Some of them were hand embroidered by peasants, and one I liked particularly had the map of Switzerland printed in black on a white ground. It was so lined as to make a smart white jacket when reversed, and it had a matching cap-kerchief.

Also, there were the loveliest jackets and accessories for winter sports, which would look grand worn in their right setting, as well as with skirts to make the most attractive suits for wear over here at home.

The Swiss have always been famed for their exquisite needlework. I think the surroundings must inspire them, for so often their work shows that it has been influenced by the country itself. Years ago the peasants sewed for themselves alone, each one trying to outshine the other with their embroidered coats and dresses.

It has often been the wish of leading *couturiers* to have these costumes reproduced, but the peasants would not hear of it. They were proud of their work and wanted it for themselves or their own family.

But that is all changed. You can now buy a garment embroidered by the hand of a Swiss peasant, and I must say that I am glad that they have capitulated, for those little jackets I saw were absolutely charming, and very becoming.

★ When I get some teasers from readers who want my advice I sometimes suspect leg-pulls. What do you think of this one?

"I have wanted for a long time to get some undies of the sort girls used to wear before the present fashion came in. Buttons at the sides and such pretty lace or embroidery.

"I think you must admit they fitted better and really were much prettier than the present-day ones. I have often wondered what girls changed over for. I feel sure if we girls, grown up since the War, could see and wear the undies girls used to have during the War, all good, white and lacy, we should go in for them in preference to the shapeless things we have to wear now."

Can-can you believe it?

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help

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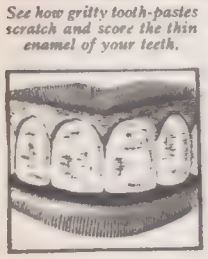

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WORLD WITHOUT TIME

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SAM KILLICK, a journalist, is describing what happened while he was a member of a cruising party, sailing the southern seas in the yacht *Solar Star*, which was in the charge of

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLEY, a grey-haired veteran who realised something had gone wrong with the world when all laws of navigation were upset by a storm that wrecked the yacht's radio and disabled her engines. Meanwhile

JAMES HENRY WENDERBY, twenty-six-year-old millionaire-owner of the *Solar Star*, and his friend,

"TINY" MILTON, gigantic in stature, and in good nature, and Wenderby's cousin, sinister

DOCTOR GEORGE THORMANSON, whose brilliance as a scientist is outweighed by his greed, are surprised when a 'plane lands to leeward of the yacht, revealing lovely

SALLY ALTON, noted girl flier and one of America's most photographed women, and her secretary,

NINA LENNOX, another beauty. They started out on a long distance flight, but difficulties in navigation caused by the storm were too much for them, and they were lost when they sighted the yacht. Eventually the *Solar Star* drifts to the Antarctic continent, where they find themselves in Ooloom, a lost country inhabited by giants who communicate to each other by telepathy. Thormanson, by his greed for diamonds which are plentiful here, is captured and taken to be sacrificed, followed by Killick and Milton. However, Thormanson escapes and Milton and Killick, pursuing him, discover the source of the diamonds.

"WHAT was that?" Tiny Milton spoke sharply, in queer, high-pitched tones. "You—you heard it, Sam?"

"I certainly heard something," I said slowly, "and it came from somewhere behind me. Listen!"

Apart from a faint whistling of the wind outside and our own sharp breathing, we could hear nothing. Tiny moved softly toward the back of the cave and I crept after him thinking it might be a trick of the wind in an odd corner. I shivered as I followed Tiny, and felt sure it must be growing colder in this place.

"Look, Sam!" he said suddenly. "There's a way out of the place here—another confounded passage!"

I looked and there, where Tiny pointed, was a tall opening in the face of the rock, hidden in shadows so that it was invisible only a few feet away. Here it was that Tiny held back for some reason I did not understand, and I slipped past him to the doorway.

And while I stood thus, shivering with fear of the unknown, Tiny Milton's voice hissed at me in an agony of fear.

"Come away, Sam! For God's sake come away!" Tiny Milton gasped. "Aaneen says we must both get out of here immediately. There's a fearful danger—things down there in the mine that come from Hell itself. Come away!"

It seemed that while Tiny pleaded something from way down in the darkness urged me on, suggested such wonderful rewards as I could scarce conceive, if I would only dare the way. I felt that wealth was in my grasp just then—wealth to buy all the things I had ever desired in this world. Slowly I turned my back on the distraught Tiny and crept down the passage into darkness. A low ripple of laughter, of triumph, greeted me, something brushed my cheek and I screamed aloud in terror. I turned to go back the way I came, but some strange force held me prisoner.

From inside the cave I could hear Tiny yelling my name aloud, imploring me to come back!

Time and again I strove to remember that I was Samuel Killick, of New York City—a free citizen of the United States—and struggled against an influence most foul which began to take on definite shape in the darkness. From the very beginning I knew it was a losing fight. On leaden feet I started to follow an intangible Thing farther down the passage.

There grew a grey-white mist before my staring eyes and, as it took shape, slowly, the force dragging me onward weakened, the tension on my mind eased until sheer terror could take the upper hand and gain my deliverance. I had a dim vision of that aged patriarch in the mist, the "Mouth of Ooloom," whom I had visited recently in a place near the cave of pictures, and then my mind and consciousness collapsed under the terrific strain. . . .

Tiny Milton told me afterwards that I walked back into the cave of diamonds like a somnambulist—walked straight past him and out into the daylight where the two giants who waited for us lifted and carried me to their own place overlooking a vast herd of domestic sloths. Here I slept for some hours before Tiny was shown a road which skirted the great forest of Ooloom. On the long journey back to the temple we were met by other Ooloomians carrying food—great giants who cared for me with all the gentleness of women. Finally, Tiny said, there came one in a great hurry—if such a thing can ever be attributed to an Ooloomian—who gazed into his eyes, soothed his nerves until he was himself again. And her name was Aaneen!

She would do nothing for me, however, who walked with Tiny Milton in a state of trance all the way back to the temple. Beneath the great diamond cross I stood before an aged giant and, through him regained my own mind and will, only to fall into a sound sleep soon afterwards. I awoke in a small apartment leading out of the temple, a place dimly lighted through long crevices high up in the wall, and sitting on a ledge beside me were Tiny Milton and Aaneen. With half-closed eyes I watched my two companions—a man of my own race, and a giantess of Ooloom. They were gazing at each other, engrossed in mental conversation.

It was a scene far too intimate for an onlooker, and I reminded them of my presence with a cough.

"How're you feeling, Sam?"

Helpless, I could only stand on the brink of the pool and stare down at the hideous, revolting face of a fiend

"Never felt better," I declared. "What happened to me in the cave?"

He told me of the journey back to the temple and also of certain things he had learned since our arrival.

"Thormanson is here, a prisoner," Tiny said. "He found the cave of diamonds all right, and decided to explore that hellish passage another time. But the Ooloomians are taking good care that George won't have another chance. We have to take him back to the *Solar Star* and keep him there."

"Good!" I said, rolling out of the comfortable fur rug. "Let's take him along right away."

"Just a moment, Sam," Tiny said, quietly. "I've promised that we will all return here—that you in particular will be here for a special interview with the old boy they call the 'Mouth of Ooloom.'"

"Why me in particular?"

"Because the old boy has taken a fancy to you, I suppose," he answered, evasively.

"I really can't understand why the old man is so anxious to meet me again," I persisted.

Tiny looked at me uncertainly. "You must have been crazy to go down that passage," he said. "They're anxious to probe your mind, Sam, in case there are any impressions left there which would be bad for your future."

I could only stare back at him in amazement.

"I want to say, too," he went on, "that one particular point to be cleared up is my own future."

"Your—your future, Tiny?"

"You heard," he said, shortly. "Much will depend upon what you learn about this country from the 'Mouth of Ooloom.' I'll tell you just what's on my mind later, Sam. But the people here feel it is in their power to help us and they're anxious to do all they can before the *Solar Star* sails away. Now let's get hold of Thormanson and take him back where he can do no more damage."

We found him guarded by two very determined giants, and until we each held an arm securely they refused to release their hold on him. Without a word between us we all set out on the way across country to the caves, and through them we gained the road which led on to the logan-stone.

It was Barley who saw us first—hailed us with a mighty shout which echoed and re-echoed among the mountains of ice towering above the water. Jimmy Wenderby ran up on deck, looking very smart and clean in a complete change of clothing. As we reached the deck George Thormanson went below to his cabin without a word of greeting to his cousin.

While Tiny was telling Jimmy Wenderby of our adventures since the latter had left Ooloom, I found myself confronted by Captain John Barley.

"Mr. Killick," he began, impressively, "is all I've heard about giants over yonder on the level, or is it just . . .?"

"Absolutely!" I assured him. "Why not come and see for yourself, John?"

"That's just what I intend to do," he answered. "I was about to go in search of you, myself, when Mr. Wenderby returned with the ladies. There's been no opportunity for me to leave the ship, so far, but the repairs are nearly completed."

"How about the radio?" I asked. "Have you had anything from outside?"

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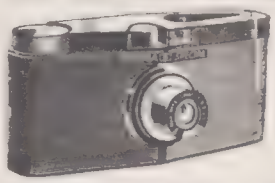

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"Not yet," he admitted. "The radio's been the most difficult job of all. But luckily for us young Amos knows his business. He's been hard at work all the time, and hopes to get his contraption going soon. I'm more concerned about the radio than anything else, Mr. Killick, because I'm sure there's a big surprise waiting for us. You remember that Sunday night on deck? I shall never forget it. Ever since that night we've been without Time—and must remain without it until we can get into touch with civilisation again.

"But this yarn about giants, Mr. Killick, —giants and diamonds? You can't expect an old hand like me to fall for a tale like that!"

"It's all true enough, John," I said, as I began to descend the stairs to my cabin. "I'll be ready to start out again for Ooloom in an hour. Tell Tiny Milton to leave off talking and get himself a bath."

I was at the bottom of the stairs leading to the saloon when another voice hailed me anxiously.

"Sam," said Nina Lennox, reproachfully. "You haven't spoken to me yet."

When I looked up I saw Nina's lovely face lined with care on my account. "What's this I hear about ghosts and things in a dark passage? Are you all right, Sam?"

"Sure," I said, confused by her solicitude. She was in earnest about it!

"Nina!" I said, impulsively. "Nina—I . . ."

Before I could frame the words her face disappeared from view, and I hesitated at the foot of the stairs about which way to go. Slowly I made my way through the saloon to the cabin, knowing that the whole world had changed for me during our conversation on the stairs. Splashing about in hot water some time later, however, I reflected that much would have to happen before I could fulfil an ambition which was now the first thing in my life. I was a poor man. Poor!

Lunch was in progress in the saloon when I put in an appearance there. Everybody in the saloon was eating and talking with the exception of George Thormanson. Tiny explained later that there had been a stormy scene between the two cousins, just before lunch. Thormanson had sworn that he had not touched the diamonds in the cave below the glacier. I noticed, during the meal, that Nina never once looked my way, although I tried furtively to attract her attention. When Captain John Barley was ready to accompany us we started off along the road that led to the logan-stone. Nina and I were the last of the party to pass that swinging barrier and, for a few moments, I tried to convey to her what was on my mind.

"Nina!" I whispered, breathlessly. "I must tell you that I—I . . ."

"No, no!" she breathed. "Not now, Sam. Wait until we get back again."

Along the ancient road leading from the logan-stone to the first caves of Ooloom we encountered several giants, shepherds tending herds of sloths, and stayed a while to introduce Captain John Barley to the inhabitants of the Third World.

"If this is the Third World," John Barley gasped, "I wonder how fast they travel in the Fourth?"

The first to greet us when we neared the caves was Aaneen, and she had eyes and a greeting for Tiny Milton. Captain Barley stared at her like a man in a dream, and wanted to know whether all the women in this country were so big—and yet so beautiful. We had to call upon Tiny to settle this question, because he had learned more about Ooloom than any of us during his many mental conversations with Aaneen.

Tiny explained that for the greater part of their lives men and women lived apart in Ooloom, since it was their view that the needs and aspirations of the two sexes were—and should be—fundamentally different. On the other hand, there was nothing in the laws of the land to prevent men and women living together when and where they liked. But the birth of a child was quite an event in Ooloom, and the population was controlled by careful calculation. It was on this point that I think Tiny revealed more about the Ooloomians than he intended.

"These giants live to about a thousand years of age, according to our reckoning of time," he told Captain Barley, while the latter gaped at him. "Life is so slow here that Time, as we know it, does not exist. A girl of about one hundred years, for example, is a mere adolescent here . . ."

Unconsciously he broke off to gaze upon the lovely Aaneen—at her perfect, oval face, crowned with a pile of silver-white hair, with big, blue-grey eyes set wide apart below a smooth, broad forehead—and then the significance of this revelation left him speechless.

Captain John Barley fairly snorted in his indignation. "Are you trying to tell me that this big lassie here is old enough to be my grandmother?

"You don't have to believe it," Tiny answered, confusedly. "For one thing Aaneen isn't old enough to be your grandmother, or your mother, for that matter, and for natural reasons. She is, as far as I am able to judge, about one hundred and fifty years of age. But I've already explained that age, as we know it, means nothing."

Then he turned to stare into Aaneen's eyes, while John Barley seemed to be fighting for self-control. Presently Tiny turned his head away, and what he said to us left me wondering uneasily.

"Aaneen says that the 'Mouth of Ooloom' and others are waiting for us by the pool of blue water. They are anxious to inform Sam Killick about something which concerns us all."

When we set out Tiny wanted to keep pace with Aaneen, but I insisted upon his support if there were to be any revelations made through me. In due course we all arrived in the great, lofty cave, with its tall columns rising almost to the roof—its walls twisted and grained in fantastic designs. We were at once conducted to the centre of this vast place, where a wide shaft of light streamed downward into a pool of blue water, and here four Ooloomians awaited us with gentle smiles of welcome. Standing between Eenoon and another giant was the aged patriarch we knew as the "Mouth of Ooloom." The aged one seemed to have little or no interest in the others, but fastened his gaze upon me right away. I was already under his control when my feet ceased moving under me on the brink of the blue pool. . . .

It is difficult to convey to others the exact means by which this old man could reveal his thoughts without creating mental pictures on my mind. I have often puzzled over the secret myself, and can only offer the opinion that there exists a universal language hidden deep and forgotten in the hearts of all mankind —a common language without words which was known, perhaps, before men were smitten with a diversity of speech at the Tower of Babel.

I had, again, the impression of making a swift journey back through centuries of Time until at last my attention became centred upon one man—that inspiring Personality I had seen once before when under the influence of the aged patriarch. Now I could see him quite distinctly, and must confess that never have I seen such mental power and infinite wisdom expressed upon the features of a human being. Such was the Force of this man that it appeared to radiate from him in the form of a faintly discernable aura. It seemed that from the first he preached a philosophy to people little better than savages, which they failed to understand —a religion in direct opposition to that established in Ooloom.

Now the scene gradually faded and was replaced by the interior of the great temple, where beneath the blazing diamond cross stood a huge statue without a face—and as I watched it features formed upon the blank space. I saw a countenance take shape, hideous in a set expression of cold cruelty and ruthlessness—the face of one of the ancient inhabitants of Ooloom and, even as I watched it form, the features seemed vaguely familiar. Here was the old god of Ooloom, shaped and fashioned after the likeness of its original inhabitants and typical of an evil and merciless age. For some time I stood alone in that stone-paved place and, in the queer red glow that pervaded it, those cold features represented all I had been taught as a child about Hell.

Then out of the void a figure came gradually to take a definite shape, standing almost beside me—that same Personality with its aura of Power. The newcomer raised his hand to hide the statue's face, and when the hand was lowered the hideous face was gone! Only a blank, faceless thing of stone was there and, by the agitation taking place in the shadows at the back of the temple, I knew there were other witnesses to this miracle. I saw the alarm, the profound terror caused throughout the country by this act. Another picture showed the Teacher standing in an attitude of condemnation while Ooloomian giants bartered with diamonds for goods from swarthy traders who regularly visited the country. On more than one occasion the diamonds and the goods were scattered far and wide by the Teacher in his great indignation.

Finally, I saw the priests of Ooloom bribing foreign traders to lie in ambush for the great philosopher. I saw him speared and left upon the ground for dead—saw him discovered by those Ooloomians who followed him. They raised his head, listened to his last words, saw him point toward the great volcano—and as he raised his hand smoke issued forth from the crater. In a narrow, black column the smoke gathered and then it parted slowly, to form that symbol which now was shaped in diamonds and suspended high in the temple—the symbol of a cross. One last sentence was spoken before death came, a sentence which framed a new philosophy for the country called Ooloom.

"The greatest Force in the whole Universe is Love!"

And then the inevitable argument as to the party guilty of his death. They blamed the swarthy traders from across the seas because it was the most convenient thing to do. But before the traders were expelled forever from Ooloom they were prevailed upon to decorate the great temple with white stone inlaid with pure gold. Then the great diamond cross was assembled and placed above the faceless statue.

After these scenes had passed, my mind became quite blank and then again I felt the aged patriarch delving for information from my small store of knowledge. Was there not something in the history of my own people which had influenced us and founded a philosophy for our comfort and guidance?

Reluctantly, I had to admit that there was such an incident in the long story of my own world. One had arisen even as in Ooloom, and, by strange coincidence, He, too, was murdered because His teaching was a menace to those who desired great possessions. Moreover, the question of responsibility for His death was still an acute one, even after the passing of nearly two thousand years. During that

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Note for Note

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period the soil of two continents had been reddened with the blood of a persecuted race because, whatever else may happen, mankind must always have its scapegoat. It had become the fashion for people to show their righteousness and zeal for His teaching by carrying on an endless persecution based on mere legend. For of real evidence regarding the guilt of this persecuted race there was none!

In my world, of course, the desire for vast possessions was now cloaked by vague words which made it appear as a number of virtues. Thus people talked glibly of ambition, of thrift, of economy—and all were words to hide the worship of money. We even had banks in which people might store all the money they could acquire; and those who acquired the most were the great ones of the earth. A man might rob his neighbour with impunity provided he kept to certain rules, and would be upheld as an example of industry and determination. Men fought and lived only to become rich and to ease mankind's conscience there were charitable institutions to which he could subscribe and thus claim an indulgence as well as commendation for his greed.

The teaching of Him they had murdered was still beyond the understanding of the world outside Ooloom, and if He dared to come again to condemn the rich he would probably suffer the same end. Nothing, I had to admit, could stand against the desire for vast possessions—not even the churches, which thrived exceedingly on the conscience-money of mankind.

After this grim confession I was ready with a question which had intrigued me for a long time. Apart from Aaneen, we had seen very few women in Ooloom, and yet Tiny had learned that women outnumbered men in this country. It seemed that the Ooloomian women set themselves apart from the men during the six-months period of Light to prepare food and clothing for the long period of what was practically hibernation.

I thought of marriage, of home, and of children, and inquired how these important aspects of life were regarded in Ooloom. The answer I received, after much trouble and repeated experiment to make myself understood, fairly staggered me. I learned that the institution of marriage was unknown in Ooloom, and the aged patriarch seemed shocked at the bare idea of what he regarded as a most unnatural contract. When I made him understand that it was a contract frequently broken, he retorted that we could hardly expect anything else.

He pointed out that there was a deep and abiding loyalty between the men and women of his race, and if a man wished to leave a woman—which he could do only after the expiration of a six-months period of Darkness—the matter was adjusted by mutual consent. But seldom did a man wish to leave the woman of his choice, and the separation was usually brought about by the woman.

Men and women came to an understanding during the period of Light, and when this was drawing to a close they approached one of the seven priests to receive a blessing on their union. If children were born their proper maintenance and education were national responsibilities. The idea of education in Ooloom was mainly spiritual and it included many queer exercises to develop powers of self-control.

It was at this stage of our communion that my mental powers became exhausted and the aged giant ceased his examination. I returned to consciousness beside the pool called "Mirror of Truth," and found myself supported on the very edge of the water by Eenoon and another giant. Across the pool stood the "Mouth of Ooloom" smiling at me benignly. Perhaps the most mystified person among us all was Captain John Barley, who had learned what was really happening from Tiny Milton.

"You can't tell me a tale like that, and get away with it!" the captain was saying vehemently, and I saw now that the aged priest was gazing at Tiny Milton fixedly.

The latter looked up suddenly, read a message in those fine old eyes, and turned to John Barley. "These people would like to talk with you, John," Tiny said. "Just take a look at the old boy over there."

"Why?" John demanded, suspiciously.

"He wants to show you your heart's desire on the surface of this pool," Tiny said, solemnly.

In spite of himself, the captain could not resist a glance at the priest. Instantly I saw John Barley's gaze become concentrated and, in obedience to an unspoken command, he looked down into the pool of blue water. His own reflection wavered, became blurred, and then a picture began to take shape—a grand picture. We all saw tall masts and spars arise, clothed with billowing masses of white canvas—the long hull of a full-rigged ship, ploughing its stately way across an ocean. For a few moments after it was completed the picture remained on the surface of the water for all to see, and then we saw it fade to be replaced by the clear reflection of Captain John Barley.

"Well?" demanded Tiny, truculently.

But John Barley was too confounded to make answer, and, at a sign from the priest, his place was taken by Jimmy Wenderby. Jimmy faced the priest with a confident smile and then looked down into the water. There must have been more than one desire uppermost in his mind just then, for the pictures appeared very blurred. At first we saw a man and a woman of middle age.

"Sir William and Lady Wenderby!" exclaimed Tiny.

"Wait!" I said. "There's more to come."

We saw the two portraits sinking beneath another which spread slowly over the surface of the blue pool, and I heard a faint cry escape Sally Alton as her own picture appeared there. After some confusion, Tiny Milton offered himself for experiment and the picture which formed on the water was of Aaneen.

Both Sally and Nina refused to take a chance after that, and I saw the priest looking in my direction. Resolutely I turned my head away, tried to slip from Eenoon's grasp and when I felt his grip tighten, an overpowering fear entered into me. I was suddenly, and for no reason I could define, horrified at what would be the result of the revelation in the "Mirror of Truth." Something within me shrank from exposure. The terror gave place to an unaccountable fury and I fought and struggled like a madman to escape, while the others looked on aghast at this deplorable exhibition.

And yet I felt sure that this was just what the aged priest opposite had expected!

Suddenly a great hand gripped my jaw, turned my face upward until I was forced to gaze into the big, searching eyes of Eenoon. But as my outward struggling ceased under his influence the turmoil within me increased to breaking-point. In this fearful and chaotic state of mind I looked down, at last, into the water.

For several moments there was dead silence, and then I heard Nina scream—heard gasps of horror from those standing around me. Helpless, I could only stand on the brink of the pool and stare—stare down at the hideous, the revolting face of a fiend. . . .

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THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

Continued from page 7

herself in a come-day, go-day, God-send-Sunday sort of California way, and Sam thought she'd never be through.

But at last she was. Sam shut the door, tapped out his pipe and got ready. He lay on the sofa and willed and willed and, almost before he could catch his breath, there he was floating in the air with the greatest of ease. For a while he just lay there, suspended in space, and amazed at this wonderful new power. He turned his head and looked down. He was fully a foot above the sofa. Very gently he floated to one side, where he was a good three feet above the floor. There could be no mistake about it. Amazed at himself, he floated back to the sofa.

"Well, Ah'll be a moonkey's ooncle!" he breathed to himself. "That Ah will indeed! Why even Ah can scarcely believe it's so."

To prove it to himself he tried it again. This time he floated up in the air, then drifted out clean into the middle of the room. He felt quite uncomfortable, somehow, but he thought that only natural.

Then he turned over to look down at the floor. Very slowly he began revolving his body. And the minute he did that all feeling of awkwardness left him. Once he was face-down toward the floor, a new and tremendous feeling of security and power seized him.

"Why, of course," he said to himself. "Ah were upside down—like a burd trying to fly on its back. This maun be the right way up!"

So, now imbued with a new and very great confidence, he stretched out his arms and zoomed down toward the sofa. A foot from it, he banked with his palms, brought his body upright, and lit on his feet as gently as a thrush.

"Well, if this ain't a do!" he breathed.

He spread his arms again, pushed gently with the tips of his toes, and took off again. He soared along like a glider, making a complete circle of the room about a foot below the ceiling. As he did so he was seized with a tremendous exhilaration. All hesitation now was gone, and he used his new power with a fierce joy. He found flying almost no physical effort whatsoever. Nor did he need any conscious mental effort in controlling himself; that is to say, he did not have to *think* how to do things. When he came to a corner the muscles of his body and the delicate distribution of his weight adjusted themselves by some instinct so that he banked perfectly.

The room in which he flew thus took on aspects unknown to us, who could only know it from a monotonous five-foot eye-level. He could see the tops of doors and of cupboards and could get a bird's-eye view of the chairs and tables—which looked very silly pieces of furniture indeed from that angle. He noted, too, that while the room might be clean down below, it certainly wasn't up where he was. There were cobwebs over the cupboard and dust galore atop every door.

"Ah'll just hev Mully give that maid a good talking-to," he resolved.

Then he gave himself over to the beautiful pure joy of flowing and effortless flying. He swooped around the room, landing lightly as a feather where he would, taking off again with the merest preliminary drive of his toes. He practised landings in awkward corners, to test the range of his new abilities.

Unfortunately, he was so occupied that he didn't hear Mully and Lavinia come back; and when they walked into the room there he happened to be, perched atop a highboy.

"Well, Ah'll goa to Helifax," Mully snorted. "Sammywell Small! What in the name o' goodness is ta laiking up theer for? Coom dahn here afore tha breaks thy neck!"

Sam was so surprised and upset by being discovered that he forgot about flying and jumped down in quite an ordinary, mortal sort of way. He landed with a horrible crash that nearly drove his spine up into his back teeth, and of course there was quite a bit of a do about it. Mully rubbed Sam's back with a little Elliman's Embrocation and sailed into him so hard that Sam got stubborn and wouldn't have told her about his new accomplishment even if he had got a chance to get a word in edgewise.

"Sammywell Small," Mully said. "Heavens knaws Ah've swallered a lot o' things since Ah married thee; but this caps the climax, it does. Ba gum, lad, if tha goas on like this, folk'll begin to think tha's balmy i' t' crumpet. Eigh, sometimes Ah rue the day we took out a licence."

"Aye?" Sam came back. "Well, it cost me seven and sixpence. Ah could ha' got a dog licence for t' same price."

"Aye, and there's soom days Ah wish tha'd bowt a dog," Mully rebutted. "And to-day's one on 'em."

For several days after that, Sam did nothing about flying. For one thing, he was quite jarred up from his jump off the highboy. For another, Mully gave him no chance to be alone.

But one night Sam woke up, and there was Mully sleeping as sound as an Egyptian mummy. So Sam tiptoed out of bed in his nightshirt and took off. For a couple of hours he flew around in the living-room, zooming and volplaning and banking to his heart's content. It was quite a sight, for Sam was steady as an albatross in flight. Just one lift of a palm, and he was banking; a slight bend of his knees and he zoomed. It all came natural to him and he flew and flew with a sort of wild ecstasy.

After that, night after night, when Mully was abed, he would swoop around the house, having great fun cutting capers and corners, sailing through doorways, swooping within an inch of the carpet and then banking swiftly upwards again.

He began to set himself difficult tasks. For, curiously enough, although all the movements that a bird makes normally in flight came naturally to him, he had to learn of his own accord the evolutions that an airplane can achieve. He taught himself to loop the loop and do the barrel-roll, the wing-over, the falling leaf, the tail spin. Finally he became very proficient in this sort of thing.

He was soaring about in the dining-room one night, concentrating on his latest stunt, the Immelman turn (which is a sort of mixture of a half inside loop and a barrel-roll, bringing you to the top of the loop the right side up). For the first time that night Sam managed to do it right nicely. The surging thrill of this new evolution intoxicated him, and he sailed about the room, wildly doing Immelman turns. Unfortunately, in the dark, he forgot about the cut-glass chandelier right over the dining-room table, and crash! He went into it head first!

Sam, all tangled up in cut-glass chandelier, came down with a jangle and a thump that would have wakened Lazarus himself.

When Mully came charging in there was a pretty sight to be seen indeed. She switched on the light, and there she saw Sam in his nightshirt, sitting in a welter of bits of cut-glass and blood and wire and bursted electric light bulbs.

"Eigh, bless ma heart and soul! What's tha been oop to now?" Mully snorted.

Sam was as dizzy as a goat in spring, for he'd taken a crack on his head that had laid about four inches of scalp open, and likely would have split the skull of anyone but a Yorkshireman.

"It were a forced landing," he said. "Help ma oop out o' here."

"Help thee oop! Ah should think soa! And a pretty picture indeed tha is, ligging there in thy nightgown. A man o' they age, too!"

Sam did his best to make himself decent, for just then Lavinia came walking in, and the girl started giggling fit to die. At this Mully turned and caught the lass a skelp over her backside that lifted her nearly a foot in the air.

For no matter what Sam had done, Mully was determined that Lavinia should grow up with the decent respect for parents that any good girl should have—Hollywood or no Hollywood.

She was that put out she gave Lavinia an extra clip on the lug for good luck. Then she pulled Sam out and got him to bed, and got a doctor on the telephone who came over and put six stitches in Sam's head. What with one thing and another Mully had a right eventful night.

For a couple of days Sam was in bed and Mully said never a word about the goings-on. But Sam could see by the way she held her lips tight together that she was just saving it all up. And the day Sam got up, Mully hustled Lavinia out of the house, and sat Sam on the sofa, and had her say.

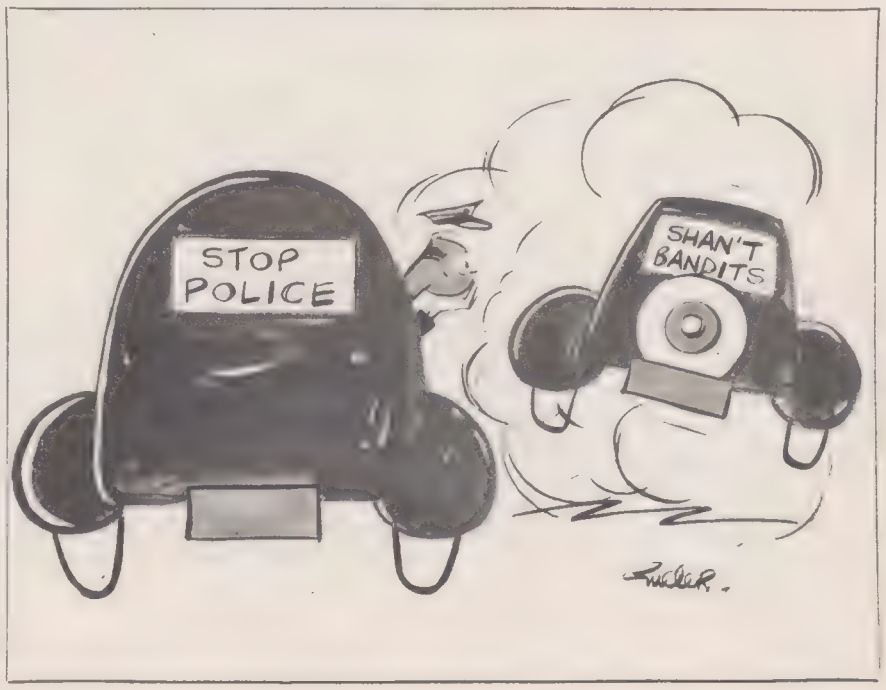
"Now, Sam," she said, "Ah want thee to bear in mind that Ah'm quite remindful of the fact that, after all, tha did turn out to be an inventor, what with thy self-doffing spindle and all. But what Ah say is this, there's limits to what a man can do, even an inventor, in a manner of speaking.

"But this much Ah will tell thee. When a chap of thy age starts gating up in t' middle o' t' neight, and swinging in his shirt-tail from the chandeliers like a hoorang-ootang, well, all Ah gate to say is, if tha keeps it up they'll be sending for thee from Menston yet.

"Now Ah wean't say no moar about it, but enow's enow, so pull thysen together, lad. And if tha wean't do it for me; at least remember tha has a daughter what's gate her life and career before her, as you might say."

Then Mully jumped up and went and locked herself in the kitchen and had a champion good cry. After that she made a nice pot of tea and fixed up a tray for Sam with a duck egg and a little bit of ham and some brown bread and butter, and a few odds and ends of pikelets and toasted muffins and scones and a couple of curd-lemon-cheese tarts and a little pot of Stilton cheese—just the things that Sam liked especially well.

Of course, after that tea, Sam was contrite, just as Mully had known he would be.



"Ah'm that sorry, Mully," he said. "It were just that Ah been a little funny-like i' this land. Let's goa hoam to Yorksha."

"Now, Sammywell, tha knows our Vinnie's right on the varry brink and threshold of a cinema career. Why can'ta stay here?"

"Well, could Ah hev a tyke, then—happen just a bit of a tarrier?"

"Nay, Sammywell, lad. Tha knaws t' landlady weant' have no dogs i' this house. Ah doesn't see why tha can't goa out and mak' friends. Goodness knaws there's plenty of well-to-do chaps like thee that manages to find this place interesting."

"Them? Eigh, Mully, they're nowt but a lot o' mawngy owd toffs—sitting on the park benches each day waiting for t' undertakker to coom along and measure 'em. Ah can't mak friends wi' the like o' yon. Why, they got such a funny accent Ah gate nobbut one word i' ten o' what they're yammering abaht. Now, if Ah nobbut hed a dog. . . ."

"Tha can't hev noa dog!" Mully stated And that ended it.

Sam really did put up a terrifically hard battle to keep from flying again. But, naturally, it was too much for him. If you, yourself, were suddenly faced by the fact that you were the first man in the history of the whole word who had developed the power to fly by your own efforts, you would not be able to dismiss the matter lightly. And neither could Sam.

In the days that followed, as he sat in the sunshine on the Ocean Drive, or walked along the paths under the palm trees, he would watch the sea gulls, lifting and soaring in the magnificent air currents. He never got tired of watching them. Now he was, as you might say, practically a bird himself, Sam found himself thinking like a bird, and thinking and knowing things that the ordinary man never gets in his head. Mostly he sensed and felt about air currents.

There would be days when he sat there and he would be greatly troubled, for the air currents were short and choppy—what Sam called "wivvery." He didn't know where he got the word, but that explained it. On those days his body would be almost torn by a sort of anguish, and he would sit there watching the gulls fight and turn and twist and make myriad delicate readjustments of their bodies every second as they flew. Sam himself could feel those currents, and as each gull went by he would squirm and twist his own body as if to help it along in its battle, just as a crowd of people at the tense moment of a championship golf match will twist their bodies and strain when they see an important putt going an inch to one side of the cup, as if their straining would bend the ball towards the cup.

After such a day Sam would go home, weary and irritable, and would only half-listen to Mully chattering on about how their Vinnie was right on the verge now of being given a screen test by an important company.

But then there would be other days when the air currents would be broad and untroubled—great anthems of sweeping simplicity that came chanting in from the Pacific. Then Sam felt at peace, for the magnificent breezes would move in from the sea and, meeting the face of the great earthwall, would shoot up, untroubled, to great heights. Especially was this so in the late afternoons when the seldom-failing sea breeze came powerfully to the land.

It was exactly like music, only instead of a vibration that could be heard, it was a music that Sam could feel on the skin of his face, thrumming and tingling so beautifully that he forgot the earth-bound world. Then, in spirit, he was with the gulls who would come over from feeding at the fishing boats by the breakwater.

Those gulls would pick up the air column that ran along the face of the Santa Monica pier, volplane over the sand and then, reaching the great upcurrent at the cliff, would go screaming away on the moving tower. Up their bodies would shoot, high—high! Then, quartering to the current, they would go sailing along up the coast, over his head, all the way up to Malibu. There they flicked their bodies and quartering the other way, came sailing back on the lifting breeze, never moving a wing, but merely playing with their [illegible]e ecstatic air that vibrated [illegible].

Sam would sit there, and the sun would sink ruddy up the coast as the gulls played in the evening breeze. For they did play. Sam could tell that they were flying, not for food, but just for the pure joy they found in that unheard music of soaring.

For it was soaring rather than flying that gripped Sam's mind. He, himself, it must be understood, never used a "wing-beat" of any kind. His propulsion through the air came rather from a dynamic play of air currents beneath him as he passed over.

He had little real interest in the swift-winging birds like the hell-divers. He found a great deal more to his liking in the pelicans, who were extraordinarily clever in petty currents; as going trickily over the sea about a foot above the water, so that they could catch the minute upshoots that came as the wind drove at the back of a shore-coming breaker. And, too, he gave the pelicans top score in their ability to utilise the air currents left by another bird. That's why the pelicans flew in formation, like a squadron of seaplanes. The leading bird would use a vagrant, lifting current to soar for a while, the bird behind would take advantage of the eddying air that the first bird left, the third pelican would use the vibrating tangles left by the first two, and so on.

Yes, Sam had a certain admiration for the pelicans, but, after all, they were only the smalltime gamblers of the airways. His heart really was with the gulls, plunging boldly into the great sundown air columns. He would watch them rocketing up, borne high into the sky, there to scream at the setting sun. And Sam would sit there, his heart lifting with the birds far above, until Mully would come along the path.

"Eigh-oop, lad," she'd call. "Time to coom hoam afore it gates too chilly."

They would walk home and she would tell him of Lavinia's progress, and Sam would say aye and nay at appropriate places; but he never really listened. His mind was half a mile up in the air.

Sam really meant to keep his promise to Mully and behave himself. Though each day, on the palm-covered walk high up above the shore road, his senses and muscles cried to be sporting up on the air currents, he did no flying.

For one thing, Sam's Yorkshire practicality overcame him. As he said to himself, it would look right queer now, if a chap were to suddenly go sailing up and down in the air with the sea gulls in front of all those people, sitting there on the benches and taking the nice California sunshine. Everyone would be that capped, and likely as not there'd be all sorts of bother afterwards.

No, Sam held himself well in hand; but he couldn't help his senses feeling as they did. The delicious play of the harmonious air currents on his face, this new soundless music that he alone could feel, drew him in spite of himself. And one day, he could not help leaving his bench and walking to the edge of the palisade. There, far down below him, was the shore road and the sands and the movie stars beach palaces; and the wind came thrumming up that cliffside like a great harp struck in sweeping chords.

Sam drew nearer and nearer to the edge. He wasn't going to fly, mind you. . . He only wanted to feel more keenly the heavenly play of the air. Before he knew it, he was over the fence. No one was in sight. With a sigh of pleasure, like a tobacco-starved man with his first cigarette in weeks, he leaned against the upshooting current. He did not let his feet leave the ground. He merely leaned forward on the column of air, letting it play and vibrate about his intoxicated body.

And then he was grasped rudely. All his delicate balance was destroyed and he was yanked over the fence, and found himself wriggling in the hands of a policeman.

"You dizzy old—" the cop yelled. "What the hell's the idea?"

"Hey up, lad," Sam protested. "Ah weren't dewing nowt."

He struggled and struggled, but the cop held on grimly. There was no escape.

"You'd better come along with me," the cop said.

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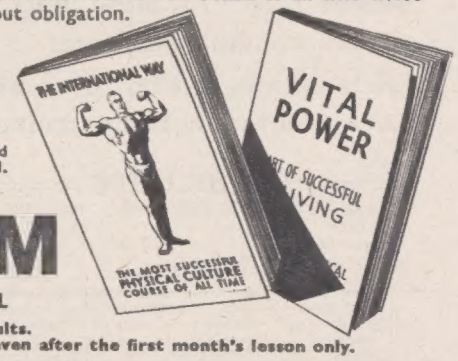

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NEXT WEEK

ANTHONY RICHARDSON, whose remarkably moving story, "You Have Only to Ask," appears next week, has been a contributor to our pages for more than ten years. And as he has yet to enter the "roaring forties" you will realise that he is one of those writers who believes in getting off the mark early.

As a matter of fact, he possesses the pen of a ready writer to a marked degree, for when we asked him to tell us something about his literary activities—justifying our lack of complete details on the grounds that the world knows little of its greatest men—we were almost overwhelmed by the extent of his output.

Know ye, then, that the aforesaid Anthony Richardson is, in addition to being a first-class writer of short stories, a novelist, playwright, poet, and scenarist. He has not told us what he does in his spare time, but we would not be a bit surprised to learn that he went in for a spot of writing.

He was educated at Marlborough and Manchester University, and in the later stages of the War held a commission in the "Kosbies," which being interpreted-meaneth the King's Own Scottish Borderers. After demobilisation he took a header plumb into the middle of the literary sea, and it was not long before he was swimming strongly on the surface.

Incidentally, he tells us that the new story he has written is founded strictly on fact, that the blackbird that figures in it had its flesh and feather counterpart that played an important part in changing the lives of two human beings. But even without that fact, the story would still be an outstanding one, as you will certainly agree.

Other highlights of next week's number include a short story, "The Shooting at Marsden's Bore," by Ingram Morgan, an Australian author who *can* tell a good yarn.

Florence Kilpatrick contributes the concluding story of that engaging cockney maid, Elizabeth, who is still proving to the denizens of Darkest Africa that Bow Bells can rise superior to tom-toms, and Eric Knight continues his hilarious story of "The Flying Yorkshireman," who, in conquering the laws of gravity, conquers our own gravity.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

WE have long cherished the conviction that the Scots are not only the least touchable, but, when it comes to the upholding of national traditions, the most touchy race on this earth. Let some misguided scribe write of a Scot wearing kilts instead of "the kilt" or allude to the English when he might have written of the British, and pibrochs summon the clans to arms in defence of Caledonia stern and wild.

The fact that so many Scots know which side their border's buttered, that the Fourth Estate has now become a Firth of Forth estate, and England is little more than suburb of Auchtermuchty, makes no difference to their insular pride. One slight slight on Scotland, and her sons are up and at us with Bannockburning ardour.

In the forefront of this week's charge pounds the stalwart Mr. Jack McKee, of Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, one—as he helpfully points out—of our Scottish readers, armed with a grouse or two straight off his native heath. "I am a little surprised at seeing you publish so many American stories," he chides us. "While they are definitely first-class stories of their kind, they lack the entertainment value which the majority of British authors can so aptly give us."

We have a sneaking suspicion that it is only Mr. McKee's native modesty that prevents him from substituting "Scottish"

for "British," but, be that as it may, he continues to be surprised. And this time it is at the way the average Englishman (whoever he may be) looks on the Scotsman as "a pauper in a kilt, with big bare knees." Scotsmen, he would have us believe, look on us Englishmen in a more tolerant fashion, although, he adds: "We sometimes wonder at his striped trousers, and there are occasions when we cannot quite see through his eyeglass."

But even though he sees as through an eyeglass darkly, one thing is quite clear to Mr. McKee. "Every nation on earth," he laments, "knows little or nothing about other nations even though they be next-door neighbours. Is it ignorance, or prejudice or just darned thick-headedness? I defy you to answer that one."

As we will always take a dare, we sought out Uncle Joe who was busy not being busy in the wood shed and sampled his home-spun philosophy. "A mighty fine way to study your neighbours is to study their literature," he confided. "Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome," he went on,

casting a reflective glance towards the scullery window, "but it can be done. Now lots of people don't understand the Americans as they should, but if they would take the trouble to read any of their stories that are published in this country they would know them better."

Shall we let it go at that, Mr. McKee?

Mention of literature reminds us painfully how much favour the sea finds with our own petty scribblers. Unless carefully watched, even the most sprung of Spring poets is liable to go yo-ho-hoing all over the shop, though he doesn't know a binnacle from a barnacle and thinks the Plimsoll Line is something to do with sand shoes.

But it has been left to Miss June Pacey, of Toronto, to discover one serious omission in the literature of the subject. No one, she roundly asserts, has yet penned a timely warning to those who would take a bath while sailing the seven seas. Britannia may rule the waves, but until she learns to rule them straight, peril lurks in the tiled bathrooms of our liners.

"The last time I took a bath on the high seas," she bemoans, "I thought I should never emerge alive from the bathroom. The weather was rough, and so was the bath water, and when you got out from the tub the danger increased. The tiled floor was so slippery that I could not stand, the tiled walls were equally so, and for a long time I slipped and slid and floundered around unable to reach my bathrobe. Just as I almost reached it, I would be dashed against the opposite wall, and it was all a most exhausting experience."

Well, it seems a heck of a thing that in this year of grace a girl can't take a bath on the high seas without running the risk of chipping corners off her anatomy. Cleanliness may or may not be next to godliness, but when it's next to sudden death as well, it's high time someone was up and doing. Walls and floor of some rubber composition might do the trick, but no one fancies taking a bath in a padded cell. So what's to do, then?

It would seem that the vast army of snoopers whose watchword is: "You mind your own business and we'll mind yours," has been worrying Mr. "J. J." of Exeter, lately. "Why is it?" he asked himself "that some people are constitutionally incapable of keeping their noses out of other folks' affairs?" Having toyed with and finally rejected the theory that it may be all caused by a couple of glands missing on all cylinders, he was finally seized with what is undoubtedly the Great Thought for To-day. The reason, he assures us, is that they are suffering from an interferiority complex.

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address; "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs.. or Miss.

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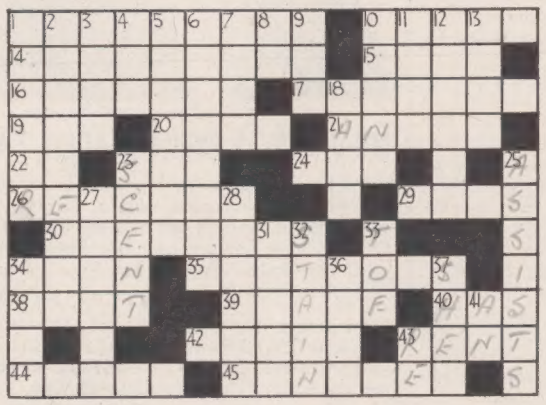

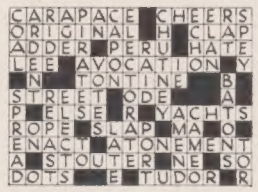

Solution to last week's puzzle.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Animal's home.
10. Clutch.
14. Working or performing.
15. Formerly in one sense.
16. Four-sided but not square.
17. Eloquent if good ones.
19. Squared for a century.
20. South African.
21. Anoint.
22. Head and tail of 4 down.
23. None excepted.
24. To free or remove.
26. Draw back.
29. Doubled singular river.
30. They sleep on poles.
34. Serene.
35. Publisher's quantities.
38. There's measure in the girl.
39. Rather foolish.
40. Possesses.
42. Certainly at the opera.
43. Torn.
44. Subject to sea movement.
45. Threatened.

CLUES DOWN

1. Binding material.
2. Mere pal he (anagram).
3. None provides this.
4. A limb.
5. Talks inarticulately.
6. Blanch by lack of light.
7. Cereal.
8. Terminates 32.
9. Important part of one.
10. Secreting body.
11. Chide.
12. Reefs.
13. Dry up.
18. Predatory invasion.
23. Perfume.
25. Renders aid.
27. Perhaps "knell of parting day."
28. Boredom.
31. Resin for kind of wash.
32. Possibly indelible.
33. Five to a foot.
34. One of ancient race.
36. Monarch of ancient Peru.
37. Cast off.
41. Opens 21 across.
43. Opens 26 across.

B 254 | 13 | L.S. 8

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To enter this Competition simply place a Cross (X) against each of the twelve Musical Items you select in the blank spaces provided on the Entry Form on right. This Competition if FREE, there is no entry fee of any kind, and both the First Prize of £2,000 and the Second Prize of £500 Must be Won. An Entry Form will be published regularly in the "Daily Herald" during the run of the Competition. No Competitor may send in more than one Entry Form from this announcement and one from each day's issue of the "Daily Herald." Each envelope must contain entries from one competitor only. Envelopes must be sealed and bear the correct postage. Keep a copy of your entries and a note of the number of Envelopes submitted.

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'Daily Herald' 'Holiday Music' Competition

FREE ENTRY FORM P.S.I.

From the list of 28 Musical Items given below, choose the 12 which would provide the best Military Band Holiday Music Programme by placing a Cross (X) against those you select in the blank spaces below. Insert 12 Crosses only or you will be disqualified. No order of merit is required. Ink must be used.

Competitors must keep an accurate copy of their entries (including Entry Form Numbers) and a note of number of envelopes submitted. Key numbers are sufficient record of Items selected—see left-hand Column of Entry Form.

1	Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life (Cornet Solo)	
2	Belle of New York (Selection)	
3	Bells Across the Meadow	
4	Bells of St. Mary's	
5	Cavalleria Rusticana (Intermezzo)	
6	Firefly (Selection)	
7	Grasshoppers' Dance	
8	Humoresque (Dvorak)	
9	Lambeth Walk	
10	Life on the Ocean (Selection)	
11	Light Cavalry (Overture)	
12	Lilac Time (Selection)	
13	Little Drummer Boy	
14	Nell Gwynn Dances	
15	Peer Gynt (Suite)	
16	Policeman's Holiday	
17	Pomp and Circumstance No. 1 (March)	
18	Post Horn Galop	
19	Raymond (Overture)	
20	Rosalie (Selection)	
21	Roses of the South (Waltz)	
22	Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (Selection)	
23	Sweethearts of Yesterday	
24	Tales from the Vienna Woods (Waltz)	
25	Teddy Bears' Picnic	
26	Thanks for the Memory	
27	Three Blind Mice	
28	Until (Cornet Solo)	

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Write in Ink—Please Write Clearly.

I agree to abide by all the rules and conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final and legally binding the Finding of the Adjudication Committee and/or the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all other matters appertaining to this Competition.

Signed .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Full Postal Address .....

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A FREE Entry Form appears regularly in the "Daily Herald" until the close of this Competition. Competiters may send in their Entries each day or keep Entries carefully until they have them all complete, then send them in all together in one envelope. "Passing Show," 13/8/38

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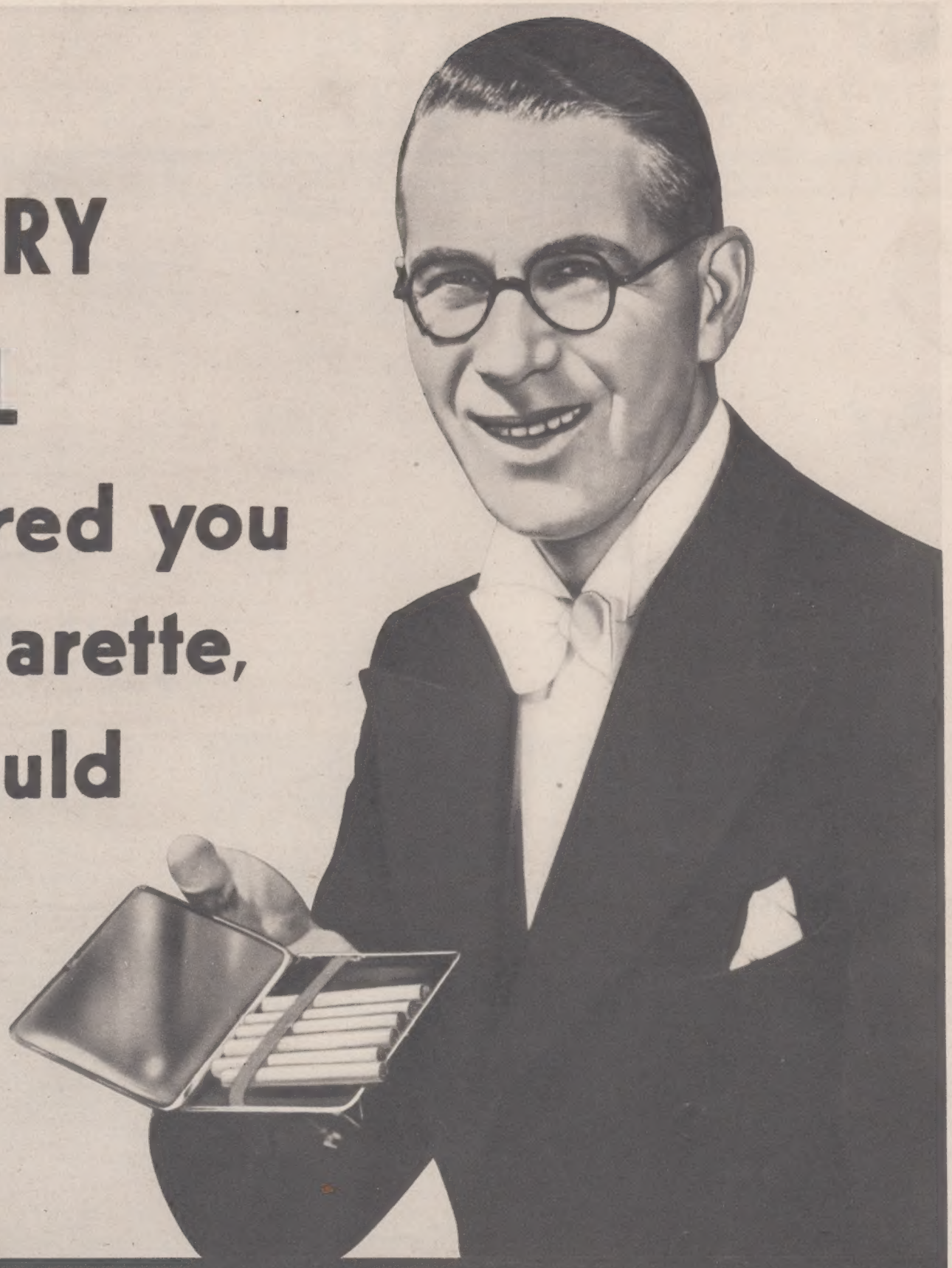

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